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Mothers in Israel.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF M. A. S. WINTERS.

(Continued from August Number.)

IN KIRTLAND.

The first days of April had now come, the spring annual conference was near at hand, and the Saints, making great preparations, were anticipating a joyous time at the meetings, to meet and entertain. And with the 6th of April would come my fourth birthday. I could faintly remember one other birthday, but now it seemed so far away, and this one so near by that I, too, was all expectancy for the events to transpire. My mother was making me a very pretty French lawn dress that she had bought in Boston on our journey to Ohio. The spring time had now come, and I could have it to wear, and my heart was filled with pleasure for the time being. I think I watched nearly every stitch that she put in it (no sewing machines then). I mention this dress in particular as it figured in another more important event to me, not far distant from my birthday. I was in excellent health at this time, and attended all the conference meetings with my mother. There was a great time of rejoicing among the Saints, and I partook of the glorious spirit poured out upon them in great abundance. How could it be otherwise? This was the seventh anniversary of the organization of the Church. The Saints had gathered—had built a temple, a House of the Lord—and He had accepted it at their hands—and now they had met to worship Him, and to receive instructions in spirit and in truth. My mother had listened to the voice of the Good Shepherd, had obeyed the gospel and brought me into the fold—had gathered to Zion. I believed what I heard of the gospel with all the soul of an innocent child. I had received my childhood's blessing into the Church, in the temple, under the hands of the Patriarch Joseph Smith, Sr., and I felt a new light. A new intelligence had entered my soul from that time, and right here I want to bear testimony that the power

and influence of that blessing has followed me through all the days of my life on the earth, since that time. My memory was quickened—it has helped to keep me faithful, for never in my life have I doubted the truth of the gospel, or that Joseph Smith is a true Prophet of the living God, or that he received a visit from the Father and the Son; and I do know that God lives, for He has answered my prayers many times, while yet I have been bowed before Him. No soul but myself knew of the circumstances that called forth the answer. And I do verily know the Spirit lives after the body is laid in the tomb, for I have, at two different times and at far distant periods, beheld with my open eyes two disembodied spirits; and at other times, have heard the voices of departed friends, and the things they communicated to me came true to the very letter, in proof of the truth of their communications and their continued existence after death, for they verily came to pass. I have never yet claimed to be a Latter-day Saint, but I am a "Mormon" every fiber of my being, both physical and spiritual, and I am trying to live to that end—that sometime in the great hereafter, the former name may be truthfully attached to my being, and I can bask in the fulness of its glories, according to my station and mission in my Father's Kingdom.

MARY ANN STEARNS WINTERS.

But to return to my little narrative. Soon after conference, a kind friend took me in her arms and told me I was going to have a new papa, and also a little brother. The sound of these words had quite an attraction for me though I could not understand the full purport of them, but when Elder Parley P. Pratt called at our house and talked with my mother, I began to ask questions and then mother answered me quite freely, and told me we were going to New York, and then we could go from there and visit my grandparents and relations in Maine—and all this seemed very natural and right, so my mental consent was freely given. A spirit of peace filled my soul, and not one ray of jealousy or dissent entered my heart to give me sorrow or mar my peace of mind. There were some preparations to make, and this I entered into with all the interest of my years.

My mother had also bought for herself a lawn dress like the one she had made for me, and now *this* was to be made (and would be very suitable for the occasion), and with the help of a sister was soon very satisfactorily accomplished. The marriage was to take place at the home of Brother Smith, one of the Prophet's relatives. My mother and Elder Pratt were attended by Elder John Goodson and Miss Apphia Woodman—one of the young ladies that journeyed with us to Kirtland. Accordingly, four chairs were placed in the center of the room, and I was lifted into my little high chair and sat at the side of Miss Woodman, and the ceremony was performed May 9, 1837, by Frederick G. Williams, in the presence of the family of the house, and a few other invited friends. My mother became the wife of Apostle Parley P. Pratt, and I was grafted into that family and was called by that name for a number of years. In a few days we moved to the home of Brother Pratt, and five or six weeks later started on the journey to New York. On the way we stopped at Halliston, Massachusetts, at the home of Brother Albert P. Rockwood. Here we stayed about six weeks. There were quite a number baptized into the Church, and my mother formed a friendship with Sister Rockwood and her sister Elizabeth Haven, that lasted as long as they all lived. I became acquainted with Sister Rockwood's little daughters Elizabeth and Ellen and little son Albert, who was about my own age. We had many joyous hours of happy play in their little playhouses that their kind father had built for them and their dear mother had furnished so abundantly. These were my *second friends* in the gospel, but alas, I never saw but one of them afterwards, for when we met the family a few years later at Quincy, Illinois, Elizabeth and Albert had died, and only Ellen was left to comfort the hearts of her parents—she afterwards became the wife of President Brigham Young, in Nauvoo, and died after coming to Utah when quite a young woman, leaving no children. We continued our

journey, and in due time arrived in New York City and stopped at the house of a Mrs. Fordham, a widow, but not a "Mormon." Here Brother Pratt began writing the *Voice of Warning,* and Brother Elijah Fordham, brother-in-law of the lady where we lived, and who had joined the Church some time before, came to help him in his work. Brother Pratt would write a few pages, read it aloud, then Brother Fordham would copy it and prepare it for the press. During these times I would have to sit down and keep *very* still, and I heard the whole of that book read before it ever was printed. At other times I must not make a noise to disturb them, but I could walk around and mother would entertain me with patchwork, cutting papers, drawing threads in pieces of cloth, and also *now,* I could have a precious doll, of some kind, but then I could not *talk* to it, and my friends and family will all realize what a privation this must have been to *me,* for naturally my tongue was very seldom still in my waking hours. Mother and I got along very well together—we were so used to each other that a little quiet sign language answered in most cases, and between times mother instructed me in what I should do, and I understood they were writing a book about the gospel—and I did try my very best to be a good little girl and do just what was required of me, and here I must say that this strict training was a help to me, in self-control, in after years. Board was quite expensive, and after a few weeks our folks decided to try light housekeeping. The one large room was all they could afford to hire, but my mother being an orderly, natural housekeeper, and not afraid of work, the room was always neat and presentable at the proper hours to be so, the large closet being a great help to that end in the matter. Many influential people called to talk with Brother Pratt, and as they were introduced to mother they were also told that *"this* was the little daughter." I remember the Rev. Dr. Cadmus who tried to be very sociable with me, but I shrank from him with the idea in my heart that they that were not for us, were against us. The *New York Sun* came constantly to our door, and I learned to spell the words, and the editor called to talk with Brother Pratt. I thought he must be a very great man if he could make a newspaper, but I also thought that Brother Pratt knew a great deal more than he did, though I could not tell just why it was so, not then realizing what the gospel light could bring to people. Some ten or twelve had joined the Church, and week-day prayer meetings were held in this home room. The converts and Saints rejoiced together exceedingly in that they had found the true gospel of Jesus Christ and learned the plan of salvation. At the close of the meetings the sisters would gather round my mother and embrace her as though she were a long absent friend or relative, and my mother rejoiced in their sisterly love as only one could

do who was a stranger in a strange city—and the friendships there begun are of eternal duration. They have lasted through time and will continue throughout eternity. I would like especially to mention the names of Sisters Rogers, Spencer and Delong—the two former coming to Utah where their acquaintance and friendship with mother continued through long years of hardships, sorrow and privations. When the good sisters of the meetings discovered that mother was keeping house, they vied with each other in bringing many nice dainties to add to the comfort of our living, and when one dear sister who had quite a large family, and who was in rather straightened circumstances at that time, brought a very beautiful offering, mother remonstrated and told her that she needed it for her own family's comfort—when the sister replied with tears in her eyes, "Would you deprive me of the privilege the other sisters enjoy in bringing their offerings and sharing in their pleasure in so doing?" She was a noble-spirited woman, and has posterity here in Utah, bearing honored names and that are worthy representatives of her faithfulness—and her name will be mentioned hereafter in this narrative. And there are two of the brethren's names of these meetings that I will also record here, as they were friends indeed, in times of

MARY ANN STEARNS PRATT. MARY ANN STEARNS WINTERS.

need—Brother David W. Rogers and Brother Elijah Fordham. And I ever remembered the good spirit of those meetings, and the powerful testimonies borne by those faithful Saints. At one of these times I first experienced the power of healing. I awoke in the night, in terrible pain, so great that I thought I could not live. Mother took me in her arms, and Brother Pratt laid his hands upon my head and blessed me—and I was instantly healed and as free from pain or distress as I ever was in my life. This occurred the night a special prayer meeting had been held at our home room—an account of which can be read in *Parley P. Pratt's Autobiography,* page 185—and this was the beginning of the fulfilment of one of the prophecies made that night, "that the sick should be healed." And when I was made whole so suddenly, I thought, "Oh, they will never know how sick I was and how I suffered."

Christmas of this year came in due time, and with it a little incident that for a number of years was a very great puzzle to my little mind. A little girl lived with her parents on the opposite side of the house from us, but our mothers had kept us so close in that we scarcely had seen each other or become at all acquainted. That we were "Mormons" I think had something to do in the case. But on this Christmas day we happened to meet in the hall. Her little heart seemed overflowing with joy and happiness, and she ran up to me exclaiming, "What did Santa Claus bring you?" As that was someone that I had never heard of I could only answer, "Nothing." "Didn't you hang up your stocking?" came next. My answer was, "What do you hang up your stocking for?" Then our tongues seemed to be loosed, and questions and explanations flowed so fast that it was hard to tell which came first, but I soon learned that *all* the children that hung up their stockings had them filled with nice presents. Hers had been so full that there was hardly room for the pretty little doll to stand in the top—and other toys placed around on the outside. Now what puzzled me, and I may say tried me very severely, was that this great and good and bounteous giver, Santa Claus, would come to a house where two little girls about the same age and nearly the same size both lived, and give *so much* to one and pass the other by without even a call. I compared myself with her in every particular and I could not see where she had the advantage in any way, or any greater claim on his favor than I had. She was happy and joyous and gratified, and wouldn't I have been also under like circumstances? Tears of disappointment were forcing their way in spite of all I could do, when the door opened and her young uncle came joyously in, caught her in his arms, and carried her playfully away to see what Santa Claus had brought her that Christmas day. At the beginning of the new year the times began to change—the people

were beginning to see the light of the gospel and many more were baptized.

The Tammany Hall was hired and large gatherings of people came out to hear, and the first principles of the gospel were proclaimed with great power—and I heard them repeated so often that I could frequently tell what was coming next in the discourses.

A number of marriages of the Saints were performed in these public meetings—the first one that I remember was Brother Addison Everett and his good wife, Sister Orpha M., who ever remained faithful in the gospel of Jesus Christ; and ere they departed this life, they performed the work for many thousands of their kindred dead in the St. George Temple. The next couple were not so fortunate, for they soon drifted away from the Church and were lost sight of altogether.

March was drawing to a close and my folks were preparing to move to Missouri, a few of the Saints were going with them to the new gathering place and all was bustle and preparation. By invitation we went to the home of Brother and Sister Alexander Mills to stay until we started for our journey, and it was at their house that I passed my fifth birthday, April 6, 1838, and I remember getting many love-pats, with one to grow on, on that occasion. They had a very talkative Poll parrot—she would say, "Poor Poll-Polly wants a cracker—Ann-Polly wants a cracker," but when I would go near her she would scold me hard —she did not like children, and I was afraid to be left in the room alone with her. But she liked Sister Ann who was one of the family, and would talk to her whenever she could see her. A few days before we left, a nice wedding party of the Saints assembled at the home of Sister Smith—and dear Sister Ann became the wife of Brother Azariah Tuttle, and I was the first to receive the greeting kiss from them and wish them much joy. At the end of their long and faithful lives they went to their rest in the city of Manti, Utah. In a few days we started on our westward journey, and in due time arrived at Far West, Missouri. We took up our residence in an empty log cabin a mile or two out from town, and Brother Pratt began preparations to build on a piece of land more than a mile distant from where we lived.

THE MUSIC OF LIFE.

Always B sharp.
Never B flat.
Ever B natural.

Schemes and Schedules.

By Ruth Moench Bell.

"It's either the back door, the front door, or the telephone," Mrs. Jones sighed as she laid her tatting down for the seventh time within an hour.

"I am glad my ambition runs to fancy work and housekeeping. I wonder how the other women accomplish anything with all the interruptions we have. I think I shall bring the subject up at Relief Society today. There ought to be some way to get along without upsetting each other's plans."

"It has been the biggest block in my way," Mrs. Priest exclaimed, after Relief Society, when the subject was broached, "and I have not found a way to move it yet. I don't mind lending sugar and lemon extract and quilting frames. And I like to have my friends call me up over the telephone and come and see me if—"

"Yes, if—" Mrs. Jones prompted.

"If they would choose the right times," Mrs. Priest admitted reluctantly. "I never get deep in my studies that I am not interrupted several times."

"I think the person was right who called this the age of interruption," Mrs. Cheevers laughed.

"Why not keep office hours," Mrs. Lochart suggested.

"The very thing," Mrs. Jones agreed heartily. "That is the solution. Why shouldn't women as well as men have office hours?"

"How could we let our friends know without hurting their feelings?" Mrs. Lochart interposed. "I haven't told a soul what I was trying to do. I was so afraid they would laugh at the idea of a woman of fifty years trying to learn something to carry with her to the other side."

"It seems to me we are all making some use of our knowledge here," Mrs. Jones exclaimed defensively. "Sewing meetings and Relief Society meetings are getting so interesting I can scarcely wait for the next. I believe there is not a single woman in town who has not followed our example and taken up the study of something that interests her instead of merely reading aimlessly, and existing without definite, daily purpose."

"I believe you are right," Mrs. Cheevers agreed. "Why even Grandma Brant is getting to be a regular *Literary Digest* and *Review of Reviews*, and daily newspaper all in one."

"She is precisely the one I had in mind," Mrs. Jones cried with delight. "Whenever she begins to tell of the wonderful

things that are going on today and Mrs. Lochart follows with 'that reminds me' of something that happened ages ago; and that reminds Harriet of the struggles and triumphs of an artist that lived in those days, and that reminds Betty of a musician that also lived then—why I know the chain of knowledge has begun and we are going to have an interesting time."

"And it is all a scheme on our part to tell what we have learned, so we can remember it better," Mrs. Cheevers laughed. "Besides, Betty Morgan is doing more than that for the same purpose. May I tell?"

"If you do, I'll tell on you," Mrs. Morgan challenged gaily.

"The secret is postponed," Mrs. Cheevers subsided. "Now let us get back to this office hour plan."

'I've been trying something of the sort," Mrs. Morgan admitted modestly. "The only drawback to the success of the scheme is that nobody knows when my office hours are, so they often interrupt me instead of coming when I really want them."

"Then you really do crave our company sometimes," Mrs. Jones begged humorously.

"Every evening from four to half-past five I positively yearn for you," Mrs. Morgan exclaimed dramatically. "And if you will stay and have a glass of milk or buttermilk and a sandwich with me, or go for a walk with me to enjoy the sunset, or have a game or two, I shall be overwhelmed with gratitude."

"Received with enthusiastic cheers," Mrs. Jones declaimed in her new role of comedian. "I think we have all been rather fearful of calling on each other lest we might interrupt plans, since we have been trying to shape our lives to accomplish more. Now tell us your plan so we can help instead of hinder you."

There was a small blackboard in the room and Mrs. Morgan seized a piece of chalk and wrote on the board:

DAILY SCHEDULE.

7 o'clock, arise and take breathing exercises.

8:30, breakfast.

"Please, Teacher," Mrs. Priest interrupted jokingly, "how can you wait till 8:30 for breakfast?"

"By drinking three glasses of water half an hour apart so as to rinse my stomach and system while the stomach is empty. I never have the water too cold, and I try to take the last about half an hour before breakfast, so it has left my stomach before I put food in. Drinking water between meals this way, walking daily, regardless of the weather, and taking breathing exercises, have done more for my health than anything I ever tried. And health I must have, if I am to do anything but mope around."

The women applauded merrily and Mrs. Morgan continued on the board.

9 to 10, out-of-door work, gardening, shopping or walking.

10 to 12, study.

12 to 1:30, make the bed, wash dishes, brush up while preparing dinner.

1:30 to 2:30, dinner and magazines.

2:30 to 4, write in my journal what I have learned, and my observations and impressions concerning it.

Mrs. Morgan turned from the board and smiled, before she added, "Now here is where my friends come in."

"Or should come in," Mrs. Jones corrected. "I imagine we used to come in almost any time but then."

"How about evenings?" Mrs. Lochart enquired.

"I find it doesn't pay to study of evenings," Mrs. Morgan admitted, "my brain goes on all night if I do. Hence from eight to ten I reserve for quiet Bible readings, meditations, and light needle work, crocheting, or making dainty aprons and neckwear, making repairs on my clothes, bathing, manicuring my nails and brushing my hair."

"How about the time from seven to eight," Mrs. Cheevers asked with apparent innocence.

"I'll confess if Harriet will," Mrs. Morgan laughed.

Mrs. Cheevers nodded willingness and Mrs. Morgan went on hesitatingly.

"You know, I'm not half as young as I used to be. And when I tried to study I found my brain was just like a sieve. It let every thing through. At first I tried, while I was about my work, to repeat to myself what I had learned. That helped. Then I tried keeping a journal and writing down all I could recall. Afterwards I would go over the work again to see what I had left out. That helped, also, because I tried to express myself on paper as clearly and correctly as possible."

Mrs. Morgan suddenly broke off before making her confession, and Mrs. Cheevers took up the subject, seeing her friend was too modest to tell.

"And now she has invented a story hour," Mrs. Cheevers added. "Now she is pouring into the eager ears of the neighbors' children the stories of the lives and works of great musicians. In short, she is using them to help her to remember just as the rest of us are scheming to use the Relief Society for the same purpose."

"If the children enjoy it as much as the Relief Society does, no apology is necessary," Mrs. Jones said with enthusiasm.

"If there is any credit due me," Mrs. Morgan laughed, "it is due Harriet Cheevers as well. She is making her neighbors' children acquainted with artists in the same way."

"Betty Morgan taught me the trick," Mrs. Cheevers declared. "I happened in one time when those youngsters were listening to an account of how Mozart, or was it Beethoven? slipped out of bed in the hush of night to try his new violin in the attic. Now the busy mothers are so delighted to have the story hour filled with such stimulating, inspiring biographies, to say nothing of the acquaintance with good music, for Betty plays for them after telling them about the music and the man who composed it, so now some of them insist on sending her a dollar a month to help her to buy books and music."

They all gazed proudly at Betty Morgan whose scheme and schedule had worked so well.

"I received six dollars last month," Mrs. Morgan proclaimed gratefully, "enough to buy Wagner's wonderful autobiography. Wasn't it good of them?"

"Good of them," Mrs. Lochart echoed, "good of them. If some one had taken me when I was a child and made me acquainted with the names and lives and struggles and triumphs of the great artists, writers and musicians, I would have been the happiest girl in the world. The most thrilling thing I heard when I was a child, I can remember yet, and I believe it is responsible for my thirst for history. I still thrill at the memory of my grandfather's recital of historic events and particularly of his dramatic repetition of Wellington's cry: 'Blucher or sunset.' I learned to read just to be able, some day, to read all about it."

"Maybe you would be interested in a game we have worked out," Mrs. Morgan suggested. "We got the idea from the game of authors. We took cardboard and had it cut into cards. Then we pasted pictures of all the artists and musicians we could get, and underneath printed the name of the person and the principal works."

"I don't understand," Mrs. Jones questioned, "how do you play this game?"

"Just like you do the game of authors which you can buy at any bookstore. We sometimes play this game with the children instead of telling them stories. It helps to get them familiar with the names and works of the men and women of whom we have been telling them."

"I think you may expect about three of us over to your house tomorrow afternoon, at four, to play this new game," Mrs. Jones announced. "I am as eager as the children for more knowledge. 'The glory of God is intelligence,' and I want all I can get."

"And the best of it is we shall feel welcome," Mrs. Lochart added. "Suppose we all save the same hours for friendly intercourse."

"Agreed," they cried with one voice.

Being "Gran"

Being "Gran" is not entirely that walking of a smooth, easy pathway which the uninitiated imagine it to be. Those diverse-minded little creatures in which one owns a one-quarter interest, are not unqualified blessings. That word Grand prefixed to pa and which childish lips abbreviate to "Gran," what a diffeernce it makes! "Gran," no matter how much he may be loved, is not one like pa to be obeyed. O no! "Gran" is a sort of confidential ally and slave. His one-quarter ownership in the little beings give him a full share in the love and anxiety of their welfare without the same full share in the directorship, as it were. Being "Gran," to make a success of the position, requires the exercise of considerable diplomacy. Those who, out of ignorance of the difficulties of the position, think that it is an easy one, let them put it to the proof!

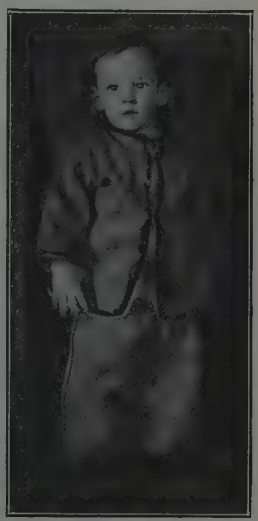
Who are such intuitive knowers of character as children? Who so quickly seize upon the strategic value of a situation? They will find out the weak spots. They know the helplessness of "Gran." Children know that "Gran" must be on their side; there is no alternative for him. He must be on their side either to retain their love—or mamma's. Little tyrants! They are not going to lose their point of advantage. When it comes to a count, they number "Gran" as theirs. "Gran" is an assessment in time of need. Make no mistake, "Gran" with the children is as clay in the hands of the potter.

"Gran," when he is "Gran" to several distinct groups of blessings, soon learns some facts. Often he walks on very thin ice, or his pathway lies along the edge of dangerous precipices. All former experiences fail, he is compelled to adopt a new line of tactics. If he would be a popular "Gran" and give satisfaction to all concerned, he must forget past methods which proved a success in his own home-circle. He must adapt himself to the new conditions. In these home-circles, one removed, he is not the one whose word is law, but the on-looker, the one whose designs, if he has designs, must be hidden beneath his words of praise. The son, the daughter, cannot accept an adverse criticism upon the

darling from "Gran." If the aforesaid "Gran" wishes to wound to the utmost a heart, let him speak adversely of a child of his child. Least of all can be borne a criticism put in the manner of comparison. "Gran" must not compare one darling with another darling, to which poor "Gran" is "Gran." That would be the Alpha and Omega, and all that lies between, of offense.

"Gran" must individualize each child. And woe be unto him if he see not all the merits and see the faults! What is "Gran" for, if not to be enraptured? "Gran" must be in a constant state of surprise, the discoverer of ever new wonders. For each successive miracle which comes to make a claim, he must use all the words of superlative, exhaust the adjectives at his command. If not for this, then of what use is "Gran"?

And, wonder! that really is exactly what "Gran" does. Yet then his troubles do not end. He can divide himself in thought and sympathy; he can see to it that his attentions are equally divided, his caresses almost numbered; but he cannot divide the corporal being, he cannot be in two places at one and the same time. And there is a danger. To what subterfuge he must resort! Really there are critical moments, when he must decide where it is right for him to be. Pity then the troubles of "Gran," nor think his part in life so easy.



"Gran" might be considered as a safety-valve for the ebulition of the grandchild. "Gran" might be never so mind-weary, yet he must listen, smiling, to the childish prattle, or the youthful trouble. The one would talk of her dolly, another would have him listen to the music lesson which she has learned, and yet another would have him watch and comment upon the

skill with which a puzzle-picture is put together. One would have him listen to the recitation of a piece which will be given at the closing exercises of school, while another would have him give attention to the new record which has been bought for the graphaphone. And be he body-weary, yet he must be ready on the instant for a game of Ring-around the Rosie, or he must be Gulliver among the Lilliputians. And so it goes. Each and all are clamorous, at one and the same minute, for recognition of these individual and immediate claims.

But—the compensation! "Gran" gives his wonderment; yet he is in turn, a wonder. How delightful to be such a hero! How soothing to vanity to be so implicitly believed, to be the center of so much faith! There is a sort of second childhood in being a "Gran." If one cannot now imagine himself the hero as he did in those imaginative hours of the far-away youth, why, then, he can be the hero to that circle of wondering hearers. How filled with trust, with admiration, the innocent eyes! How brave was "Gran"! He is the accepted hero as the slayer of wolves and tigers, of bears and lions, as the defeater of ogres and giants. He can overcome monsters of every kind. Yes, "Gran" is the one who can tell how to get out of enchanted woods, to obtain the sacks of gold and jewels in robbers' caves, to slay the dragons which guard hidden treasure, and the crocodiles on the shores of desert islands. "Gran" is the last court of appeals. "Gran" said so. What could be more conclusive than that?

Thank Heaven that one can be a "Gran." Life would be incomplete without those gifts. I mean those gifts which come to our love of earlier years. Or, to express another thought, that galaxy of stars which makes beautiful the darkening skies of life. Those gifts, those clustered stars are the links which bind one to the golden dreams of the past; the wondrous dreams of the future. Thank Heaven for those gifts of gifts which make one answer to the name of "Gran."

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.

A Prince of Ur.

Homespun.

"Nay Zillah," whimpered the wench, "'tis not my wish to bawl out all I see or hear. But doth not this approaching sacrifice look like the Prince Abram?"

Zillah knew who it was, and her whole frame shook with violent emotion, as she watched him pace slowly by her between the ranks of soldiers who surrounded Abram and his attendant priest with all possible security. The heart of a woman is a curious thing. Zillah had seen her husband's three gracious virgin daughters given over to be burnt upon the altar; she had even watched with dry eyes the carrying of her own child to that awful human sacrificial pyre, and had lured Iscah to her final ruin. But now, the sight of her young master, he who had taught her in her pliant youth to worship the one only God of Heaven and earth, he whom in her secret heart she had adored and would have sold herself a thousand times over to the devil for, just to be his slave for one night—this was more than she could bear! She had suspected this from all that had taken place in her master's home that day. She herself, with wicked recklessness had helped to bring this about. Yet now, to see her brave and splendid master ascending to disgraceful death—this struck the vile woman in her one vulnerable spot!

"Come, wench, come," cried Mardan. Zillah shuddered. She darted to the stairs to fly below.

"Ha, ha, my black queen, thou hast lost thy courage, let me revive thee," the mocking voice of Mardan whispered in her ear, as that gallant stepped from the official procession who were accompanying the soldiers to the temple altar above them. "Come with me! The goddess who would stand before the altar of Ishtar must have an alabaster heart and not turn faint before a simple thing like this. The gods demand the sacrifice. The head of the offspring for the head of the man he shall give. Would you have the life of Terah laid upon Elkanah's altar?"

Zillah turned her blazing eyes upon the slight form of her master's foster-son, and as she looked long into his fierce, yet cowardly eyes she felt the sinister spell which he sought to cast upon her enraged and seething soul.

"Come thou with me," she shrilled in Mardan's ear above the sound of the tinkling cymbals and the crashing trumpets, "come with me, I would have speech with you. See," she held up her three fingers, twisted them curiously as she raised her arms high above her head. The sign was the sign of death or life. Mardan

followed her without question. He had stepped upon an asp, he must draw its fangs cunningly.

"Where shall I go, my black priestess of Ishtar? Where shall we go?"

But even as he spoke Zillah had pinioned her sinewy arms around him and he, ashamed to show cowardice in the very face of the assembled dignity of the temple courts, felt his feet fairly dragged from under him as she sped in and out of the throngs under the moonlight madness and the earth and the sky seemed to reel before the man in her vice-like grip.

"Where are you dragging me to, you fiend of hell?" he could scarcely speak for her grip was close about his throat as her arms twined ever close and closer about his strangling throat.

"Where? Where are we going? Thou perfumed son of a wicked sire—thou ingrate, apostate, corrupted, rotting son of an apostate father? Where are we going? Where should we go, but to the realms of Silver Light, where thou has taught me on thy wicked knees to worship black cats and vermin, while thy vile body was shut in my embraces. Oh, I shall enjoy this last fond flight with thee—for I have much to thank thee for. Thou hast taught me to cast my offspring on the altar of Elkanah, thou hast fed the flames of hell within me which this day burned into the very vitals of my one-time husband and killed him—thou hast bound his innocent daughters on the funeral pyre of Elkanah's altars! Now—thou—nay, struggle not—it is thou—and no other—thou hast flung the noose that will fasten the neck of the one glorious god-man, Prince Abram, to the altar to drop under the knife of Nimrod, the bloody king and apostate who with thy help hast let loose all the hell-spawn of the lower courts of Bel! We go—we go—"

The choking man sought to cry out to the passers-by that he was being murdered, but the infuriated and crazed woman had him so closely pinioned that he could only gurgle and sputter his fierce emotions into the silence of the hard bosom whereon she had forcibly pillowed his reluctant head as she dragged him towards the far end of the terrace, away from the lights and glitter and the vast moving multitudes. Those who saw them, thought it only some bestial play, and paid no attention to the maniacal laughter of the woman as she wrenched and dragged and flung herself and her victim to the edge of that terraced Ziggarut.

"Ha, thou wouldst live to fester this earth with thy vile and rotting carcass, whereon even the birds of prey would sicken, for there is no corruption known to man but has its seeds within thy vile body. Thou and I are of kin, thou king's son, for we are one in vileness and in crime. Thou hast no courage of thine own, but canst rouse the wicked daring of others with thy poi-

soned lies and inventions. But now—but now—to the realms of the black death—to the deepest—hell—we two will go—."

A heaving shriek that was torn from his throat in deadly agony as Mardan's body fell in her arms from the terrace was all that betrayed the last crime of that blackened soul and body of Zillah and her companion in crime, Mardan. Death to her was far sweeter than life—with Abram gone—Abram who had ever despised such as she—and who was now in mortal danger through this curse in her arms—she but laughed in fierce glee as she plunged outward with a last powerful sweep of her steely arms to make sure that no projection should prevent them both from the doom she courted with fierce Cushite courage. No cry, no sound from her grim lips passed into the silence of the night. Fiercely she had lived, fiercely she had died.

"Who shrieked?" asked the courtesan who had plucked the youth to her bosom for his impudence.

"Only a black wench with some white-robed priest ready for the realms of Silver Light."

"Why did they not wait and give themselves to the sacrificial altar?" queried the woman. But the youth only shrugged his shoulders and gave up the riddle.

"On the high places the son is burnt."

The light winds had brought up a fleecy bank of clouds; but their trailing robes only lingered over the eastern horizon, and as yet had not risen to check the heavenly march of Ishtar, Goddess of the Night. There was a curious shuddering stillness in the brilliant sky that smote upon every heart. It was as if Mother Nature were about to give birth to some tremendous inner miracle.

Lot watched his kinsman Abram go by him silently, none of them joining in the rituals, but each shepherd chieftain keeping close eye on Lot as he wandered on up and up idly as if in search of new sensations—keeping always back to the western end of the platforms.

The chanting of the priests, the tinkling of the cymbals, grew louder and more insistent as the procession reached the upper platform. The king sat upon Elkanah's golden throne. Nimrod's tense body was rigid and expectant for this last triumph of his long and successful reign. He had sought to bring death to the Prince of Ur, the scholar, the high priest after the order of the ancients, Abram, friend of God and friend of Pharaoh—this man he had sought to destroy for all the years of his life; but each time he had been frustrated. Now, Abram was to choose—he could enter the priesthood of Elkanah this night by officiating at the altar of human sacrifice, or, upon refusal, Nimrod would, himself, cut out his heart upon the iron altar preparatory to thrust-

ing him into the fiery furnace. Nimrod clenched his brawny hands and his muscles like great whip-cords strained with the exultant thought that now, this very night, he, himself should bind his enemy upon the iron altar, would slay him with the sword of the holy priesthood of Elkanah, and then, into the flames should he be cast as a propitiation to the fire-god whom Abram had despised and denounced. The lust of it was strong upon the wicked ruler, and his eyes shone in expectant refusal to hear the cries of Terah or the possible appeals and promises of his victims.

"The head of the offspring, for the head of the father he shall give," sang the priests, and Nimrod ground his teeth in savage pleasure as he saw the victim approaching his throne and the altar beside it.

The prince stood before him at last, gracious in the majesty of his personal comeliness and in the calm dignity of an unruffled faith which looked out from the piercing brown eyes now bent upon the soldiers and the priests.

Abram finally turned his gaze upon the apostate king, but he spake not.

"Bring the high priestess of Ishtar, and her train," cried the king who thus delayed the sacrifice to prolong the torture of his enemy and to give good evidence to the assembled priests of Ur, many of whom adored this mystic Prince of Ur, full proof of Abram's treason to Elkanah, to Isdubar, to Shagreel, to Ishtar, to himself, the king of all Babylon, and to the whole religious worship of the Babylonian monarchy.

The harps and cymbals struck their most sensuous notes and the voices of the singers poured riotous melody as the train of the new priestess of Ishtar emerged from the distant throng and swept along the alabastar paved cloisters. Proudly she led her swaying, excited votaries to the spot where Abram stood, herself unmoved and cold. Her face was delicately chiselled, and her loveliness would have melted a far sterner soul than Abram's, were he lacking in that divine virtue of continence which is achieved by man only with the knowledge and worship of the God of heaven. Her outer sash was fringed and flounced with gorgeous shades of red and blue stuffs, but as she slowly swung and bent her supple form, the folds unwound and betrayed one long seductive length of delicate, white covering which gradually swirled round her arms, leaving her body clothed only in the filmy,singl e under-garment worn by the priestess of Ishtar. It was Iscah! Crowned queen,—priestess, she had reached the barren summit of her ambitions.

Behind and about her swirled and circled other lovely maidens, some tall and with the grace of the stately date-palm, others dainty as a river-lily nodding on its stem. But all sought

to attract prince Abram with dusky, alluring eyes as they plied their sultry-sweet allurements. Yet Abram stood cold and unmoved before them.

Nimrod watched the long dance and grunted angrily at its failure to move its victim.

"Enough," he cried at last, stung by Abram's haughty silence. "Bring Abram's father's gods, and set them down before him. Come hither Iscah, sit beside me, my queen!"

The attendants marched gravely up, and one by one they placed the twelve ugly gods before the king, designed by Azzijaama, and fashioned in the workshops of Terah, all of which had been placed by Terah himself in this temple of Elkanah as his own votive offering to the newly finished Ziggarut.

"Worship the gods of your father, Abram," cried the king derisively. But Abram stood coldly before him.

The king tore his garments as he twisted angrily on his golden throne.

"Thou, even thou, dost pretend to the friendship of Pharaoh. But know thou, O rebellious son of a rebellious house, that I am the Egyptian vicegerent, nay the very Pharaoh in mine own person; for it is I that was blessed by our father Ham, and this son of a son of a daughter of Egyptus is but a pretender to the ancient throne of Ham. It is mine own right, for I am the Pharaoh, the god and son of Ham, the Pharaoh. Take thou the sacrificial knife in thy hands, O high priest Abram. Take it, I say!"

The prince looked Nimrod calmly in the eye and with a lightning wrist-movement seized the knife from the hand of the king and flung it far out upon the outer pavement of the Shrine.

Nimrod was furious. He motioned to his soldiers to seize Abram and to bind him where he stood. Not a soldier or priest would move. The fear of death beat in the pulses of every priest there.

"Wilt thou worship me? Wilt thou pay court to Elkanah, to Pharaoh, to Libnah, and to Izdubar?"

Abram looked calmly away from the long iron torture frame on which he was to be securely pinioned, but he said nothing in reply.

"If thou wilt not worship me, nor the gods of thine own father Terah, then wilt thou worship fire?"

The crowd of priests and priestesses held their breath to hear the reply of the victim.

For the first time, Abram spoke:

"Why not worship water which puts out fire?" said he scornfully.

"Well then," quoth the king, "worship water."

"Why not worship the clouds which hold the water?" again asked Abram.

"Very well, worship the clouds as well."

"But why not worship rather the wind which blows the clouds away?"

"Well, worship the wind," angrily shouted Nimrod.

"Why not rather worship God who can resist the wind?"

Enraged beyond all pretense of patience or judgment, Nimrod arose to his full height, and with the voice of an enraged animal, he bellowed:

"By virtue of the ancient priesthood which I hold through Ham and Noah and clothed in the sacred garments thereof, I call upon all the gods of earth, fire, water and clouds to come to my aid. Fire is my god, and thou shalt know his power."

With a rush, Abram was seized by a crowd of desperate priests, his raiment was stripped from him, he was bound upon the iron altar, and above him stood Nimrod with the glittering sacrificial knife poised high in air.

As Nimrod's hand flew upward it was struck from behind with a darting ball of fire and the white-robed priest nearest him fell to the golden pavement, his head crushed with the stroke of another dancing ball of fire. Instantly the temple court was filled with shouts of confusion and the screams of women. Above and beneath it all there suddenly rumbled and roared from the very bowels of the earth a hideous, sickening sound—it was an earthquake. Fire belched out under the very altar. Abram's bonds were suddenly loosed and he stood upright and unafraid. The massive pillars of the temple, the brazen altars, the great golden images reeled and tumbled. The ringing tones of Abram's call urged the shepherd soldiers on the terraces below to gather their forces and flee to safety. The hoarse shouts, groans and curses of Nimrod's dying and wounded forces were pierced by the shrill cries of women and little children.

A woman's death scream added to the furious confusion.

"Abram—my kinsman, Abram!" It was the blackened and bleeding Iscah pinioned beneath the mangled, writhing bulk of Nimrod's tortured body.

Abram looked back at the unhappy wretch as he called:

"May God forgive thee—O princess—"

And then—

With the frightful tremblings of birth-travail the earth rocked upon her axis. With the swirr of a thousand wings the winds and the waters of heaven swept down upon that mighty concourse. The elements shrieked and bellowed, the waters of heaven tore their way through the cloisters and into the temple precincts. The lightning flung down pillars or set fire, with running globes, to wood and costly hangings, again and again. The earth trembled, the very bowels of the earth were shaken with tumultuous wrath.

The priests scrambled and fought for the stairs, to rush below to safety. The delicately clad women flung themselves madly on the rocking alabaster pavements, or dashed wildly to and fro, screaming with despair. The rocking walls of the Ziggarut and its supporting terraces fell stumblingly or swiftly on soldiers and terror-stricken worshipers alike.

Only one spot was free from all this tortured motion. Where Abram trod the earth was firm and unmoved. Like his own faith it swayed not nor did it fall.

While the earth was reeling to and fro like a drunken man, the mingled shrieks and groans from a thousand dying throats, the howls of the tempest and blasts of the fierce tropic winds pounding in his ears—in the midst of all these combined forces, which the frantic Nimrod had invoked in his despair, the soul of Abram was caught up in spirit. He beheld a vision of the Almighty and the angel of His presence stood beside him and His voice was like the voice of a celestial trumpet as He cried:

"Abraham, Abraham, behold thy name is no longer Abram, but Abraham. I have heard thee and have come down to deliver thee, and to take thee away from thy father's house and from all thy kinsfolk, into a promised land; and this because they turned their hearts away from me to worship the god of Elkanah, and the god of Libnah, and the god of Pharaoh, king of Egypt. Thou shalt be a pilgrim and a wanderer. I have come down to visit thine enemies and to destroy him who hath lifted up his hand against thee, Abraham, my son, Abraham, to take away thy life. I will take thee, to put upon thee my name, even the priesthood of thy father's father and my power shall be over thee; as it was with Noah, so shall it be with thee; that through thy ministry my name shall be known in the earth forever, for I am thy God!"

The vision closed, but Abraham—rechristened in all the heaving elements of fire, water and of the tumults of earth's most deadly forces, stood quite still upon the place of roaring death, calm in the midst of the terrors by which he was surrounded.

Up from the upper terrace tottered a soldier, into the temple courts, his abaya fluttering wildly in the fierce tempest, his face beaten with the driving rains. It was Lot. Behind him came the Damascean merchant, followed by a mass of shepherd soldiers who climbed with desperate energy the rocking, tumbling stairs crowded with the dead and dying.

Lot reached Abram's side. The white translucent pavements were crumbling with the swirr of the earth-throes, but Abram stood unafraid. He at once focussed Lot's confused soldiers and with guarded steps led the way downward for his friends and followers.

"Where is my princess Sarai?" cried Abram as they reached the temple gates.

"Terah awaits with all our trains of goods and families fifty furlings down the river's bank. Pray thee to our God that this furious storm and earth-quaking hath not caught up with them."

Abram, followed by Lot and Eleazer, at last gained the deserted fields beyond the wildly struggling multitudes about the terraced temple hill, and looked about him in the glare of the soliders' torches, saying solemnly:

"This night I turn forever from the land of the home of my father, and my father's father. The voice of the Lord hath spoken—and my feet shall never press these unhallowed shores of the Euphrates again. I am a pilgrim and a stranger in the earth—"

"We, too, shall share thine every pilgrimage—" thus Lot and Eleazer.

The distant shouts and moans in the Ziggarut grounds mingled grimly with the low growls of thunderous peals, when the little party fled unchallenged through the chief gate, now broken and cast down, and turned their faces in the dense darkness toward the encampment in the palm groves by the river banks.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

MUSIC.

An interesting feature of the Jordan Stake Relief Society Conference held on May 22 at Sandy was the excellent musical selections furnished by a boys' orchestra who played selections from "Il Trovatore," and other popular numbers.

A girls' chorus sang "Jesus My Savior."

Two soprano solos were rendered by Mrs. Archie Crapo and Miss Pearson. These with some splendid congregational singing, and the interesting reports given by stake and local officers, and the timely and instructive remarks made by the visiting sisters, made an occasion long to be remembered by all who were present.

Filet Crochet Yoke.

Isabelle W. Sears.

Stitches used: Chain (ch) catch cotton with hook, making loop, draw cotton through this loop which makes the first stitch. Repeat. Draw through as many loops as wanted—each loop is termed a chain stitch.

Slip stitch (sl. st.), put hook through the work, thread over the hook, draw it through the stitch on hook.

Single crochet (s. c.), having stitch on hook, put hook through work, draw thread through making two stitches on hook, thread over hook and draw through both stitches.

Treble crochet (t. c.), having stitch on hook, put thread over hook, put hook through work and draw thread through, making three stitches on hook, put thread over hook, draw through two stitches, put thread over hook and draw off the two remaining stitches.

Long treble crochet (l. t. c.), like t. c. except the thread is thrown over the hook twice before inserting in work. The stitches are worked off two at a time as in t. c.

Picot (p.). A picot is made by making four or five chain, going back and drawing thread through first ch. with sl. st.

Begin the front edge with 23 spaces and follow pattern, making the side in pattern until you have 83 rows, then start and make the other side the same as first until you have the 83 rows, then work back and forth following pattern.

Outside edge: 3 t. c. in space, ch. 2, 3 t. c. in same space,

s. c. in next space, 3 t. c. in next space, ch. 2, 3 t. c. in same space, s. c. in next space. Continue round and fasten thread on wrong side.

Beading and edge round neck: Stitch on hook, 2 l. t. c. in space, ch. 3, 2 l. t. c. in next space, ch. 3, 2 l. t. c. in next space. Continue round, 2 t. c. in 3 ch., p., 2 t. c. in same 2 ch., p., 2 t. c. in same 2ch., p., 2 t. c. in same 3 ch., s. c. in next space, 2 t. c. in next 3 ch., p. 2 t. c. in same space, p., 2 t. c. in same space, p., 2 t. c. in same space, s. c. in next space. Continue round and fasten on wrong side.

No. 50 crochet cotton of any reliable make and No. 14 hook.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

By Marietta Holley.

The foe is great, the foe is strong,
Our empty hands are weak;
We who had toiled and suffered long—
Our fears we cannot speak.
Our faithful labors night and day,
This foe, Strong Drink, destroys;
We kneel amid the gloom and pray,
Oh! who will save our boys?

Those who should help us, turn and flock
To help the foe instead.
Their hearts seem like the untouched rock
On which vain tears are shed.
The powers of good seem lost and riven,
And o'er life's din and noise,
This anguished cry ascends to heaven:
"Oh! who will save our boys?"

A light dawns in the eastern skies,
The prophets saw afar;
It led of old the Magi wise,
Who earnest sought the Star.
We kneel and hail its dawning ray,
The Light takes shape and voice,
"Toil on and trust that Star today,
Our God *can* save the boys."

—*Selected.*

The Bible.

By Lucy May Green.

"We believe the Bible to be the word of God." (Articles of Faith.)

"Search the scriptures," said Jesus, "for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me."

The Bible is a collection of scripture written by many authors, and contains sixty-six books, thirty-nine of which are contained in the Old Testament and twenty-seven in the New Testament.

It is divided into one thousand one hundred and eighty-nine chapters which contain 3,173 verses. These consist of 773,692 words and 3,566,480 letters.

It was written in three languages, Hebrew, Greek, and Aramaic.

The divisions of the Bible are as follows:

The first five books, called the Pentateuch, are ascribed to Moses.

The historical books are: Joshua, Judges, Ruth, 1 and 2 Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther.

Poetical books are: Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Solomon.

The four great Prophets: Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations (2 books), Ezekiel, Daniel.

The twelve minor Prophets: Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habbakuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi.

The New Testament is divided as follows:

The four Gospels: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

The Acts of the Apostles, ascribed to Luke.

Epistles of Paul to the various churches.

Romans, Corinthians (2), Galatians, Ephesians, Colossians, Thessalonians (2).

Epistles to individuals: Timothy (2), Titus, Philemon.

The author of the epistle to the Hebrews is not known.

1 Epistle of James, 2 of Peter, 3 of John, 1 of Jude, and the great Apocalypse of John, The Revelation.

Many books and scriptures referred to in the Bible narratives are lost to the world.

In ancient times the Bible was divided into fifty-four divisions, one of which was read in the Jewish synagogue each Sabbath.

The first translation of the scriptures was into the Greek, and

about 1240 A. D. the Bible was translated into Latin, and divided into chapters by a Catholic friar by the name of Hugo de Sancto Caro.

The subdivision of the chapters into verses was the work of a famous Jewish rabbi named Mordecai Nathan, about 1445.

The first English Bible was translated by John Wycliffe, about 1380, but was never printed, although several manuscript copies are still in existence, and are found in libraries.

The first printed Bible was translated by William Tyndale assisted by Miles Coverdale, between 1525 and 1530. From that time until 1611 there were many other translations.

In 1604 King James of England called fifty-four of the learned men of his kingdom to make a new translation, and in 1607, forty-seven of these commenced their work, and in 1611, was printed the King James Bible; which is the one we use today.

The revised version which is used quite extensively by students, was revised from the King James edition and original sources, in 1881. There are many changes made, but chiefly in grammar. Through all these many changes the Bible has come to us and we can readily understand why our Article of Faith reads: "We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly." We can see the need of Jesus' admonition to "Search the scriptures," and his words, "Whoso readeth let him understand."

We will need the Spirit of the Lord and the gift of discernment, for the Master said: "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." Read the Bible often, with a prayerful heart, and obtain a testimony of its worth. It contains the history of the creation of the world and of God's dealings with His covenant people through many generations. The prophecies of the coming Savior, and their literal fulfilment.

The life of Jesus Christ on earth and the history of the Gospel dispensations.

The many prophesies of the Great Apostasy, the Restoration of the Gospel, the gathering and the final consummation of all things at the end of the world.

As literature, the Bible is conceded by all authorities to be the best example in the world, of scholarly, clear, exquisite English. It is a complete geography of the known portions of the world.

For romance, what is more beautiful than the stories of Joseph, Ruth, Esther, David, Daniel, Jonah.

For historical drama we find: The Reign of the Kings, Saul, David, Solomon, and the kings succeeding them.

For stories of travel there are the lives of the early Patri-

archs, journeyings of the children of Israel, Paul's missionary travels, etc.

Some of the most beautiful poetry in the world is contained in the Psalms of David, the writings of Job, and the songs of Moses, Miriam, Deborah, Hannah, Simeon, and Mary.

For exposition we have the many beautiful sermons of the Lord Jesus, and of Paul, Peter, James and others.

For Relief Society work we have the story of Dorcas, and the virtuous women in the Old and New Testaments. When in trouble and affliction we can find comfort and consolation in the Bible. What is more beautiful than John 14:15, 16; Psalms 91, 23, and many others.

In order to understand and explain the principles of our gospel we need to be familiar with the Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," sang the Psalmist.

Paul likened it to the "Sword of the Spirit which is the word of God."

We sometimes sing of the iron rod, which is the Word of God. Are we holding on to it? Does the word of God prove to us that it is indeed a lamp to our feet? Can we use the sword of the Spirit to fight the battle of the Lord?

Let us read the holy scriptures, both ancient and modern, and listen also to the living oracles, for in "them ye think ye have eternal life, and these are they which testify of me."

NOTE. The statistics and information was found in an old cyclopedia which belonged to my grandfather.

TO EMMA.

So wee a gift, my baby new,
With auburn hair and eyes of blue,
You came to us from heaven above
To prove forever "God is love."
So beautiful, sweet baby mine,
Your spirit, child of God divine.
Your presence here to us does prove
That love is God, and God is Love.

LUCY MAY GREEN.

Proper Guidance of Children.

THRIFT.

It is generally admitted by thoughtful parents, that the young should be taught to be thrifty and frugal; some wise parents go into detail and teach their children the object of their savings, and how best to spend their money. A child may learn how to hoard his money, but not how to save well unless he learns how to spend well. Some parents think they are teaching a child how to save by buying him an iron bank that cannot be opened, and then requiring him to drop into it every penny he gets—not so; they are teaching him nothing of thrift or real saving, but a good lesson on hoarding. He cannot learn how to spend money properly unless he is given the responsibility of his own expenditures; therefore follows

A PLEA FOR AN ALLOWANCE.

If each child assumes his part in making the home a happy unit, then there is something due him of the income of that home. He should have an allowance, not as a reward for credits but because, if he is making his effort, he deserves one, especially since he will get from it one of the most important lessons of his life, that of living within his means.

This allowance, if only ten cents a week, should be given at some regular time, and the one giving the allowance should attend to the business with great regularity, for this is part of the lesson to be learned.

There are glass banks to be had nowadays, having two or more compartments and a little lock, that are a great improvement on the old iron bank, as children enjoy seeing the money they have deposited. The key should be in the hands of the person in charge of the account.

An excellent plan for promoting thrift and teaching children to save is,

A HOME BANKING SYSTEM.

Let us assume a case of a seven-year-old boy being allowed twenty cents a week. We may consider that he shall keep in mind four things: Regular weekly allowance, extra earnings, gifts, expenses.

After totaling his salary, extra earnings and gifts, then let

us consider his expenses: first, right here lies a golden opportunity for teaching the Law of Tithing. As he grows older he may learn that a true tithe is one-tenth of all his increase, but for the present let him put aside one-tenth of his allowance (two cents) for tithing, have eight cents to spend, and ten cents to bank. In the disposition of the eight cents, he should be guided, but, let the mother not insist upon how he spend it, else how shall he learn his lesson?

He must, however, remember that he is expected to bank half of his income. Suppose that in a moment of temptation, he spends an extra nickel, then the next week he receives but fifteen cents, which, minus his two cents tithing and ten cents for bank, leaves only three cents to spend. Under such a plan, children get the benefit of a nice little course in bookkeeping, costing them no effort, and they are happy and satisfied with a small sum. Also, the very noticeable and general habit of children teasing for a nickel, will be done away with.

Some parents might look upon the spending of money by a little child as an extravagance or waste of money; my observation teaches me that under this system, the little one soon learns never to purchase perishable trash, and that there is great satisfaction in being able to bank more than half his income, and in accumulating, for when he has accumulated, say $5, he can take it to the big bank and possess a "real bank book like papa." A child who can go through a store full of attractive things, spend a small sum of money sensibly, and come home with some loose change in his pocket, is on the road to thrift.

In connection with the subject of saving, it is well to teach the child

HOW TO GIVE.

Let him understand early in life that he owes some of his means, as well as some of his time to his church; that it is nice to give to mother and father or friends, but he should learn that small gifts, if appropriate and well selected, give better satisfaction to all concerned than extravagant gifts, and that he should give only such presents as he can afford. In other words, he should be taught to use his head as well as his purse. I have heard parents praise their children for giving presents promiscuously, thinking it an act of generosity; whereas, it was merely the act of a spendthrift.

One of the greatest responsibilites that confronts the American mother today, is that of teaching her children, especially her daughters, how to spend, and to give with prudence and common sense. Our Christmas giving, for example, is becoming a crude practice, instead of the beautiful custom instituted by the three

wise men when they brought their gifts of love to the Christ Child.

The child might lay aside small sums when he has extra earnings or gifts, for a Christmas or giving fund. He will soon learn how to give the things that will bring the greatest pleasure to all concerned.

After all, real financing consists in wise and judicious spending, and the child who is taught to purchase necessary personal articles, games, tools and books, with discrimination, is given the best of guidance in the value and proper use of money.

Let us emphasize the following maxim: *Purpose, Plan, Procedure.* Books to read on the subject: "Home Training" Bulletin Nos. 2 and 7, by Wm. A. McKeever.

LUCY WRIGHT SNOW.

Charity

By Miriam Crittenden Carmen.

We print here a charming poem which might well be dedicated to our honored President, Emmeline B. Wells:

Her life is full of simple things each day;
She does the common toil with homely care,
A cloistered novice whom the world forgets,
A widow in whose cruse is oil to spare;
Living so faithfully that death will seem
Merely a shadow down an endless dream.

For when her call shall come, she will not go
As one who waiteth: graciously undimmed,
Her flame-like soul will leap up at the last
To some old wonted task, some lamp untrimmed:
Or she will hear a lonely child who cries
And needs to comfort it before she dies.

—*Selected.*

Notes from the Field.

Sister Julia P. M. Farnsworth of the General Board, who visited the Benson stake Relief Society conference brought a number of interesting items in her report which we give here:

Benson stake Relief Society conference, held July 14, 1916, at Richmond, Utah. There were in attendance four hundred and twenty-five sisters, and eight brothers. All branches of the work were in splendid condition. Out of a membership of eight hundred and fifty-seven, two hundred and thirty-three subscribe for the *Magazine*.

The choir, directed by a competent leader, contained eight well-trained voices. In each of the twelve wards represented at the conference the organization is complete. The Stake President, Sister Higher, with her two counselors, Sisters Merrill and Hendricks, are very able, sincere, and energetic women, united and interested in everything that pertains to their societies.

The classes in genealogy are directed by Sister Roskelly and are accomplishing a great work both in temple attendance and in teaching the necessity of the preparation of family records.

In one small ward, for the first month, the teachers raised twenty-five dollars toward the penny fund for the erection of the Canadian and Hawaiian temples.

J. P. M. F.

Memorial Cottage, Sharon, Vermont, July 15, 1916.

Dear President Smith and Aunt Julina: We reached this beautiful and heavenly place last night at 6:30, just one hour behind scheduled time. We had sent word to President Brown and he met us at the station in South Royalton. He bundled us all, bag and baggage, into his auto, and we proceeded along one of the most picturesque roads in the world which leads up to the cottage. Brother Brown pointed out the old schoolhouse where your grandfather taught the village school, and other points of interest.

Upon our arrival at the cottage we all received mail. The girls danced with joy over their letters, and I can assure you we were pleased with your letter to us. Sister Hyde felt quite serious on learning of Golda's operation, but is comforted with the thought that Aunt Julina was with her.

Before going any further I must tell you that we are all exceedingly well and that we have seen and heard so many wonderful things that we will never get through talking about them.

Emily and Edith are two of the sweetest girls I ever knew. They are so interesting, and so interested in everything they see. This trip will be a real education to them, and I can assure you they are making the most of it.

To go back a little—we left Ithaca on July 1, reaching New York the same night. We went at once to the Mission house and reported. They recommended rooms to us just through the block on 127th street.

We held meeting with the New York and Brooklyn societies, and saw many of the sights in and about New York. On Thursday the 6th we went to Washington where we spent Friday and Saturday. We saw all the historic things around Washington the first day, including the old Lee Mansion at Arlington. The second morning we spent at Mt. Vernon, where we were much impressed with the typical old southern homestead and with the belongings of the Washingtons. We could have only the greatest feeling of reverence as we stood by their graves. On the afternoon of this day we went over to the Senate office building, where we had a fine visit with Senator Smoot. Later in the afternoon he took us for a most wonderful ride. Mrs. Smoot was not well enough to go with us, so we went over to the home to see her. Her ailment was a severe cold.

On the next day, Sunday the 9th, we went to Baltimore where we held a splendid Relief Society meeting. We found Dr. Allen there and he was as glad to see us as we were to see him. In passing, I would say that we all felt that Baltimore is the ugliest, dirtiest, most miserable town we have visited, and oh, how hot it was! We nearly melted away. If we had not been the *most amiable* creatures in the world, I fear we would have been disagreeable. We left that same night for Philadelphia, where we were met by Miss Edward, a missionary. The next forenoon we visited the historic points of interest, the most interesting of which was Independence Hall. We could almost imagine the old signers of the Declaration were still alive and had just gone out for a little air and change of scene. In the afternoon we had a most interesting Relief Society meeting with a large number of investigators (women). Miss Edward felt that we had done much good here. After the meeting we went directly to the station and took the train for New York.

I forgot to tell you in the beginning that Sister Empey did not go with us on this southern trip. She had relatives in New Haven, Conn., and as we desired to hold a Relief Society meeting there, she went up alone and attended to this work and visited with her relatives.

We reached New York late Monday night (July 10), and left the next afternoon at six o'clock for Boston by boat. We shall never forget that boatride in the moonlight. Upon our ar-

rival, in the morning, we went immediately to the Thorndike Hotel (a place recommended to us by Dr. Winship, whom we met in New York).

In the afternoon we held meeting at Lynne, Mass. The girls decided to stay in Boston while we went over to meeting, and we were glad they did, for I tell you it took people who were old and weather-beaten to stand this trip. I never experienced such a hot, murky day in all my life. We first took a boat, then steam cars, then walked a hundred miles, it seemed. We went to the mission house where the missionaries were staying, and after taking us up a few flights of stairs, they gave us some fine, cold milk, bread, butter, and cheese. Our faces were as red as beets, and we were puffing like steam-engines—especially Jennie and I. Emma made up for this with bulging eyes and shaky hands. This was their hottest day this summer in Lynne. We had a fine meeting, and after it was over Elder Harold Barnes (17th ward) came over to Boston with us to see the girls. He was delighted to see them, I can assure you.

The next day (13th) we "sight-saw" Boston. In the morning we visited Concord and Lexington and all the interesting points connected with the Revolutionary War—the homes of Emerson, Hawthorn, Louise Alcot, and Thoreau. We also went to Sleepy Hollow and saw their graves. They are neighbors in the last, long sleep as they were in life. The girls were particularly delighted to go through Louise Alcot's home where *Little Women*, and all her other interesting books, were written.

At Cambridge we saw the homes of Lowell and Longfellow, the old Elm where Washington took command of the American army, Harvard University, etc., etc. We all voted this the most important side trip we had taken. In the afternoon we visited the Genealogical Library with which we were all delighted. The next day, the 14th, we left for Vermont, arriving here in the evening.

My letter is getting so long, and I am writing so rapidly, that I fear you will not be able to read it, but I must say a word about this place.

I think no one can possibly imagine what a beautiful and heavenly spot it is here at the Monument and Cottage, without actually visiting the place; and after our hard and strenuous trip, it seemed that we had really stepped into Paradise. The rolling hills are green with verdure, and the great old trees, wonderful in their majesty; and as we rode along we could smell the sweet odors of clover and pennyroyal. Sister Brown had a delicious home-cooked chicken dinner for us, and I tell you we did full justice to it—even Emily was hearty as a farmer.

After dinner we took a walk. We went over to the old site where the Mack house stood, saw where the old hearth and

cellar were built, and the remains o fthe old flower garden. Whether this was the place or not, we imagined that it was here that Joseph Smith courted and won the hand of Lucy Mack. We discussed the matter and all of us felt the romantic spell. The whole thing was accentuated by a beautiful, full moon, which made things almost as bright as day. We wandered back to the old well where we had a refreshing drink. As we walked around the cottage we could see in our mind's eye the little boy Hyrum playing about these grounds. We saw the old stone step where we imagined he sometimes sat and ate bread and milk out of a wooden bowl, using a pewter spoon, or bread and berry jam, as other New England children were wont to do.

Everything seemed so sacred to us. We sat on the porch a while and then decided we wanted to gather round the old hearthstone. We could imagine Lucy Mack Smith sitting here by a log fire, bathing the baby Prophet, and the dear little boy Hyrum waiting upon her, and leaning upon her shoulder in turns. We thought of the cold, bleak night when the Prophet was born, and wondered how they managed to keep warm.

After chatting for a while we sang, "Joseph Smith's First Prayer," and other suitable hymns. I can assure you we will never live long enough to forget this wonderful and impressive night.

Today we shall visit the old schoolhouse, the farmhouse, the sugar mill or house, and the groves surrounding this sacred and historic spot. On a separate sheet I am sending you our itinerary as far as it is planned.

Now, dear President Smith and Aunt Julina, I cannot close this letter without thanking you both from the bottom of my heart, for making it possible for me to take this wonderful trip. It is really the climax of all of my opportunities and my whole soul is filled with gratitude and thanksgiving. The visit here at Vermont and the one we anticipate at Palmyra will, I am sure, be the most enjoyable and profitable experiences I shall ever have. Other places are wonderful and historic, but these places are sacred and holy. I have thanked the Lord every moment since our arrival here, that the Church has purchased this property and erected this sacred monument, and that I am permitted to see it.

Well, I hope I have not tired you out. Perhaps you have already been compelled to read this in installments.

With love and gratitude to you, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

AMY B. LYMAN.

P. S.—Everybody sends greetings to you, including the Browns.

We present here extracts of letters written by Sisters Lyman and Hyde while on their journey. Next month we will give a full account of their historic trip with illustrations.

In a letter from Sister Hyde written from Chicago, we have the following items: "We held meetings all day yesterday in the sweltering heat. Had one of the largest and best attended of any of our meetings. The Spirit of the Lord was with us, and I believe everybody present felt the same. Sister Ellsworth was not present. She has overworked herself until she had a nervous collapse. She insisted, however, that we come and see her, which we did, and had a very pleasant chat, and left her feeling, I think, much relieved, as she was sick at heart because she could not go with us through the mission. This mission is in splendid condition. Such an attendance at one of our ward meetings, would, I am sure, astonish the bishop of any ward. We had many strangers and investigators, as well. The reports were splendid, showing the work from the beginning. Brother Ellsworth said, in part, this: "That Relief Society work had not been considered feasible in the missions because there had never been any definite plan to work to; that the RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE gave birth to plans that could be adopted and used. I want to say that I consider the Relief Society as among the greatest factors in making converts, and spreading the Gospel. We do appreciate the Relief Society and its great *Magazine*, which is doing the work Joseph the Prophet intended it to do."

Sister Ellsworth is a most capable President, understands her work, and then does it.

Bannock Stake has recently been reorganized. Mrs. Julia A. Pond, who has been such a faithful and diligent president, found herself obliged to retire from her arduous labors. She certainly carried with her the love and good wishes of all her associate workers. The new officers are: President, Gwennie Redford; first counselor, Katherine Sorenson; second counselor, Sarah M. McClelland; secretary, Agnes Lloyd; chorister, May Barrett; organist, Emily Sorenson.

A feature of the Pocatello Conference was a Relief Society chorus rendered in the Sunday afteroon general session with pleasing effect.

Boise stake possesses an excellent Relief Society choir; Mrs. Helen Q. Hale is a natural musician and is also choir leader of the Sunday Schools.

Current Topics.

By James H. Anderson.

STATE-WIDE PROHIBITION seems assured in Utah.

PRESIDENT CARRANZA of Mexico has decided to resign office, then be a candidate for election, thus letting go with a strong string attached to the position.

TURKEY still appears in the list of doomed nations, getting gradually nearer the end. Both the Russians and the Arabs have dealt the sultan severe body blows in recent battles.

THE SERBIAN army, driven from its own country, has been rehabilitated by the French, and has entered Serbia again, gaining notable success against the Bulgarians.

IFANTILE PARALYSIS has claimed over a thousand child victims in New York during the month of July, and yet no cure or way to prevent its spread has been discovered.

PREPAREDNESS in the United States for war is making high figures in expense, the congressional program providing a $700,000,000 appropriation therefor this season.

SHARKS on the New York and New Jersey coasts have taken several bathers as victims this season. Bathers there now find it safer to use a bathtub, yet not half so entertaining in the public display of shapely and shapeless limbs.

ARMENIANS to the number of 800,000 are reported by American missionaries to have been put to death by the Turks during the past year. The really available protest against this butchery is the abolition of Ottoman rule.

VILLA, the Mexican bandit, so often reported killed, is very much alive, and during the latter part of July the Mexican government adopted energetic means to stop his activity; but it cost a lot of trouble to the United States to get this action.

THE DANISH WEST INDIES has been purchased by the United States at a cost of $25,000,000. The inhabitants of the Islands and the Danish government, at least, think it a good bargain.

IN SAN FRANCISCO, a preparedness parade was made the oc-

casion of a bomb outrage which cost the lives of several people. Peace propaganda promotion is by no means the outcome of such incidents.

VERDUN'S battle has lasted 200 days without cessation, but the last 20 days of this period marked such a diminution in the extent of the fighting that it gained the aspect of a French victory.

PROF. EVAN STEPHENS has been a very successful leader of the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir for 26 years; and, deciding that it was time for him to be relieved of the work, resigned. He is succeeded by Prof. A. C. Lund of Provo.

PROF. LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, of the University of Utah, is engaged in exploring prehistoric ruins in southeastern Utah, and has instituted the very desirable policy of preserving the archæological remains there, instead of robbing them of relics.

BICYCLE thoughtlessness by boys riding these vehicles on sidewalks has caused another death, this time the victim being an aged lady residing at Ogden. It is another suggestion that parents should aid officers of the law by teaching their children the fitness of observing traffic rules.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE has achieved a great victory this year in having, for the first time, a leading candidate for President of the United States make an outright declaration in its favor. Judge Charles E. Hughes says pointedly that he favors women having the voting franchise.

HIGHER TAXES in Utah generally for the year 1916 is now a certainty, but the people who pay are by no means convinced that it is a necessity further than official extravagance makes it so.

GEORGE F. RICHARDS of the Council of Apostles has taken charge of the Latter-day Saints European mission, where, at this critical juncture in European affairs, his characteristic courtesy sincerity and faithfulness to duty doubtless will aid greatly in promoting the gospel cause.

EUROPE'S war has changed aspect during the past month, the Teutonic allies now being on the defensive instead of on the offensive in every field, and suffering heavy losses in the hardest fought big battles that history records.

THE "DEUTSCHLAND," a German merchantman submarine, caused great public interest upon its arrival at an American port

in Chesapeake Bay, after a trip through the British blockade, from Bremen, Germany. This was not the first submarine, however, to cross the Atlantic, several of British nationality having made the trip from England to Canada and return.

CAPT. CHARLES FRYATT, commander of the steamship Brussels, has been put to death by the Germans because he tried in self-defense to ram a submarine which had attacked his vessel. In his efforts to justify the execution of the English captain, the Prussian kaiser seems to get as little sympathy as was extended for the execution of the English nurse, Edith Cavill.

A GAS WELL explosion in a waterworks tunnel under Lake Erie at Cleveland, Ohio, caused the death of a score of workmen. An ugly feature connected with the accident is that while two departments of the city government were quarreling over which should analyze the air in the tunnel, the men were allowed to go in · whereas, if the analysis had been made promptly none would have ventured.

A FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION of about 80 carloads of munitions of war on the piers at Black Tom island, on the New Jersey coast near New York City, killed several persons, destroyed about $15,000,000 in poperty, shook towering office buildings in New York to their foundations, and covered the streets for miles with broken glass. It is believed that an incendiary, with the purpose of destroying the munitions of war which were intended for England and France, caused the disaster.

NATURE as a catastrophe-bearer in North America made itself manifest in July in a fierce seaboard storm on the Atlantic coast of the United States, in devastating forest fires in Ontario, Canada, and a terrific heat wave in the north Mississippi valley, each exacting a heavy toll in human life. One night in Chicago the heat surpassed all previous records. Not only man, but the elements, seem unusually disturbed in 1916.

WOMEN IN FARMWORK seem an important part of Germany's economic position this year. A German officer, captured recently on the Flanders front, is quoted as having said that the harvest of 1916 would determine the fate of Germany in the war. It is being made largely by women. If the women can raise a full crop, Germany cannot be starved out. If they cannot, Germany must eventually yield to her foes. War prisoners are being worked in the fields, but the results are so unsatisfactory because of unequal distribution as to bring severe criticism from many German newspapers.

Home Science Department.

By Janette A. Hyde

ISOLATION OF A CASE OF COMMUNICABLE DISEASE

The care of a case of scarlet fever or other communicable disease, so that it may not spread to other people, is not only far more effective today than it once was but far less burdensome and inconvenient for the family as well. Except in the case of smallpox, the members of the family who do not come in contact with the patient can continue their usual business unless such business brings them in close contact with children. A room as much apart from the rest of the house as posible should be set aside for the patient and the nurse of mother or attendant. Disease germs will not *fly through the air* from such a room; they can only be *carried* on the *hands or clothing* of the attendant, or on *cups, spoons, and other objects* taken out of the room.

The first of all rules for isolation, then, is that the attendant and the physician and anyone else who enters the sick room and touches anything there should thoroughly wash the hands on leaving the room, and if there is danger of the clothing being soiled as by the coughing of the patient, a special gown should be worn and left in the room on going out.

The second rule is that objects in the room, handled by the patient or by the nurse while she is attending the patient, should not be taken from the room until they have been disinfected; and it is important during the course of the disease to keep the sick room itself as free as possible from gross infection. In the case of such diseases as scarlet fever and diphtheria, all discharges from the mouth, throat and nose, and eyes and ears should be disinfected with particular care.

If these precautions are taken during the course of the disease, infection will be checked, and in most cases nothing more need be done at the close of the disease than to give the patient a bath and thoroughly cleanse and disinfect the room and its contents.—*Bulletin, New York State Department of Health.*

Vanderbilt Salad.

Ingredients:

2 small heads of romaine, which is a long-leaved lettuce
1 grapefruit; 1 orange
1 pear (fresh or canned)
Grapes or candied cherries to garnish
French dressing

Time: Preparation, 20 minutes.
Number served: 4 persons.

Wash the romaine, remove the coarse outer leaves, and cut each heart into two sections, lengthwise; crisp in ice-water. Peel the grapefruit and orange; remove pulp in sections. Peel the pear, cut into thin slices, lengthwise. Arrange the prepared fruit neatly on the romaine hearts; garnish with a few grapes, or a candied cherry, as convenient. Pour over French dressing. Serve very cold. Use orange juice in place of vinegar for the dressing. A cream mayonnaise may be used if preferred. Served with crackers and cheese. This makes an excellent dessert salad.

Debutante Salad.

Ingredients:

1 head lettuce; 1 bunch cress
1 cupful chopped celery
1 cupful diced, cooked tongue
1 cupful diced, cooked chicken
12 large pitted olives, cut in rings
French dressing; cream mayonnaise

Time: Preparation, 40 minutes.
Number served: 8 persons.

Mix celery, tongue, chicken and olives. Season with French dressing; let stand in refrigerator until very cold. Just before serving add enough cream mayonnaise to well cover every particle of salad. Arrange on a bed of crisp cress and lettuce. A very dainty luncheon or reception salad.

An Ingenious Feed Dish.—If you have puppies or other small animals to feed, get one of the round cake-tins with a tube in the center. Drive a pointed stick through the tube into the ground and you will have a dish that will not tip over.—*Good Housekeeping.*

To Remove Fruit Stains from the Hands.—Moisten a small portion of cornmeal with vinegar and rub the hands thoroughly with the mixture. It will remove the stains and leave the hands feeling soft and comfortable.

Through the shortage and very high price of fruit, it may be necessary for our sisters to make use of some of our vegetables as fruit substitutes. For example: Carrots either preserved whole or grated, and flavored with lemon rind and ginger makes an excellent preserve. Then, too, mashed squash or pumpkin pulp, flavored with spices and ginger, or both, make a most desirable dessert. The grated carrot can be cooked with raisins and sliced oranges. This makes a splendid conserve. The sliced oranges,

however, must be soaked over night in water, before being added to the other fruits, to insure their soft, pulpy condition.

Sister Udall of the St. Johns stake, of Arizona, served both kinds of vegetable fruits on her table, and we found them most delicious.

We also recommend the old-fashioned water melon preserves, which can be used as well for sweet as sour pickles. Then, too, there is a cantaloupe variety of melon, or more familiary known as the musk-melon, which can be substituted for peaches, plums, pears, or any of the fruits that we use for sweet pickle purposes. We must not forget the ever-delicious tomato—either ripe or green—which will serve our purpose as fruit substitutes as well as any of the other vegetables mentioned.

MELON RIND PICKLES, EITHER WATER MELON OR CANTALOUPE.

Take rind of melon, leaving a light touch of either the pink or yellow melon meat, which adds very much to the beauty of your pickles or preserves. Trim off the outside, cut in small strips, or lengths about two inches long and an inch wide. Soak in cold water over night with the proportions following: 1 tablespoon of alum to a gallon of water, with one teacupful of salt to one gallon of water. Soak over night, drain, and place in clear, cold water for rind to harden. Make a syrup and boil two parts vinegar to one of water; whole spices and ginger with sufficient sugar to suit the taste. Cook the rind of melon, until it is tender, and add to the boiling syrup. Place in a jar to cool. For three consecutive mornings, pour off the syrup and boil, returning it boiling hot to the fruit each time. The last preparation should find the syrup thick and ropy, after which it may be sealed and put away for use. We advise the free use of white sealing wax to cover the top of all fruits, jellies, and preserves, as it excludes the air, and usually prevents any formation of mold on the top of your fruits.

You will find these vegetable-fruits nutritious as well as very tasty and delicious.

"Lose this day loitering—'twill be the same story
Tomorrow—and the next more dilatory;
Then indecision brings its own delays,
And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days.
Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute—
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.
Courage has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—
Begin it and the work will be completed."

EDITORIAL

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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SELF-PITY.

A Deadly Thorn.

Along the difficult life-climb to health and peace are strewn all sorts of thorns and thistles, briars and noxious weeds. Into the delicate flesh of most sensitive people there sticks and stings the thorn of self-pity. When its twin briar—self-justification—also obtrudes its thorny clutch into the human climber, the path becomes at once too steep, the load too heavy, and down the wretch falls by the roadside to weep and groan in gasping breaths. The battle is lost, the fight is over.

Extract the Poison.

Nothing is so offensive to sane and well-balanced climbers, who have struggled part way upward, as the moans and plaints of these dreary failures. It may be one's wife—it is usually a woman, unless it's an artist—who thus indulges in the vicious luxury of self-pity. These emotions of ours are splendid servants, but make bitter masters. When it's a mother who thus lingers to weep over herself, the children first pity, then flee away. If one possesses ever so charming a friend who is still addicted to this most selfish and unnecessarily cruel pastime, one quietly avoids conversation and proximity.

The Antidote. Big doses of reason and self-scolding will help greatly. Argue the thing out with yourself on rational lines. Refuse to be sad or sorry—and say to yourself over and over till you get control of the nasty emotion, "I will not pity myself." "Resist evil and it will flee from you." Be determined to seek the good and the benefit of others—be unselfish. No really unselfish person ever pities himself. Self-pity is self-respect gone to seed. Sympathize with everybody else, except yourself. Nature will see to it that you love yourself, your way and your will, quite enough. You need to counter-balance this tendency with all your power.

Cultivate a Sense of Humor. Self-pity puts blinders and hobbles on you, ties your hands and crosses your feet, and you will never get anywhere with so painful a handicap. See the funny side of life. Laugh at yourself. Make light of ordinary troubles. Get your balance by insisting to yourself that you are your own worst enemy as well as your own best friend. Crying makes your nose red—complaining makes your spirit unlovely. You are *all right*—sick or well, living or dead, poor or rich. Say so. Don't allow morbid self-pity to canker your spirit. Jolly yourself out of the tears and recall your favorite joke when someone neglects you or circumstances press down on your self-love. Be a sport. Laugh instead of crying. If you are ill, self-pity will double your pain and treble your affliction. Forget it. Think brightly, speak cheerfully, and help disease to flee from you. "Pity the poor beggar"—but there are no beggars in this glorious Relief Society, and none of us need pity ourselves.

NOTE.

We are grateful for the response made to our call for back numbers of the MAGAZINE, but we do not wish for any numbers but the January, February, and March numbers of this current year.

MAGAZINE MANAGERS.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

FIRST WEEK IN OCTOBER.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

JUDITH.

Strictly speaking, Judith is not one of the "women of the Bible." She comes in between the period of the Old Testament days and those of the New Testament. But she is well worth considering in this series, not only because she was one of the most remarkable of Hebrew women, but also because she stands for a type of faith and courage in times of danger for the Chosen People.

She was a native of Bethulia, and lived about a hundred twenty-five years before Christ. The situation which it is necessary to keep in mind in order to understand this stirring narrative is this: The king of Assyria sent ambassadors to the Jews and their neighbors, ordering them to join their forces with his, so that he might conquer the world. But they sent away his ambassadors in disgrace. The king threatened vengeance. After a war of his own he sent up against the Hebrew people his general, Holofernes, with a great army to subdue them. The Jews fell from boasting to fear at his approach. Moreover, they fasted and prayed that God would not suffer them to be overcome by their enemies. Judith, however, did more than fasting and praying, although she did these; she applied the quite modern doctrine, that "God helps those that first help themselves." Bethulia was besieged. The condition there became very serious, because there was a lack of water in the town.

Rising from her knees, one day, doffing her widow's weeds, and decking herself in the most bewitching costume, with jewels and other ornaments—for she was rich as well as very beautiful—she went forth out of the gates of the city with her maid and walked towar dthe tents of the Assyrians. She had held a conculation with the leaders of her people, in which she had chided them not only for their unwisdom in conducting the work of fortification, but also for their lack of faith in the living God. And she had prayed, moreover, that God would grant her victory in what she was about to do for her people. And the two approached the camp of the enemy.

The first watch met her. "Who are you?" they demanded. With her mouth full of cunning and deceit, she told them, "I am a Hebrew woman. I have fled from my people, and am coming to the king's army to show how the hill country may be taken without loss." The men, captivated by her beauty, took her to the camps, assuring her that the general would be glad to see her. There was great wonderment when she appeared, not only at her looks but at her daring as well. At the request of the general she was taken before his tent.

Holofernes "rested upon his bed under a canopy woven of purple and gold and emeralds and precious stones." He came out with "silver lamps going before him." With a needlessness of which he was not aware, he besought her not to be afraid. "Tell me," he urged, "wherefore thou art fled from thine own people and art come to me?" She related, with truth enough, what had befallen her people—their hunger and thirst and partakings of "the forbidden thing." But she added, ambiguously, "God hath sent me to thee to work things whereat all the earth shall be astonished." And she asked the privilege of remaining in the camp for a time—which, of course, the voluptuous Holofernes was very glad to grant. He, too, was obviously infatuated with the Jewish widow. Also he affected to think that God had sent her to him.

Now, both Judith and Holofernes had designs upon each other, though, it is needless to state, of a wholly different nature. He invited her to eat with him. But she refused, making the excuse that it was not proper for her to eat other than the food permitted in the law. Then he affected to be anxious that she had not provided enough. She assured him, however, with double meaning again, that "thine handmaid shall not spend those things that I have, before the Lord work by mine hand the things that he hath determined." She very craftily obtained permission of him to allow her to pass without the camp to pray. Holofernes arranged a great feast for only himself and her, dismissing all the servants early so that he might be with her alone. Pleased with his apparent success, he drank more wine, the author tells us, "than he had drunk at any time in one day since he was born." But the wary Judith drank nothing. When he was securely locked in his drunken slumber, she went to his bed, lifted the curtain, breathed a prayer to her God that He would strengthen her arm, and cut off his head with two strokes. This ghastly object she handed to her maid, with directions to put it into the bag which they had brought with them, and the two set out for Bethulia. Entering the gates, she showed the leaders her trophy. "The Lord hath smitten him," she exclaimed, "by the hand of a woman!"

Consternation fell upon the Assyrians when they discovered what had been done, and crying and rending their clothes, they

fled at the approach of the hosts of the Hebrews. "And there was none, we are assured by the historian, "that made the children of Israel any more afraid in the days of Judith, nor a long time after her death."

It is interesting to compare and contrast the character of Esther and Judith. Both women were undeniably beautiful. A plain-looking woman, whatever the inference, could not, in the one case, have won the queenship nor, in the other case, bewitched the unsophisticated Holofernes. Moreover, both used their charms, according to the notions of the times, in the service of religion. Both, too, encompassed the death of a powerful enemy of Israel, the one through guile and the other through her influence with the king, her husband. Besides, Esther and Judith were devout, prayerful religionists. But Esther impresses us as a woman who needed guidance, direction, some thing or some body to lean upon. She has little or no initiative. She is more or less timid and hesitating. Judith, on the other hand, although perfectly womanly, is self-reliant, courageous, daring, capable of decisive action in high moments. And yet she is always the woman, and a wonderful woman to smite the mind as well as the eye.

QUESTIONS.

1. Relate the story of Judith. 2. Why should Judith be known today? 3. Compare Esther and Judith in as many respects as you can. 4. Which would you rather be, if you could be either? Why? 5. Which do you think a man would admire the more? Why? 6. In what respects have our standards undergone a change since the days of Judith? 7. In what respects could we profit today from the character of Judith? Explain.

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN OCTOBER.

LESSON III.

Genealogy and Art.

THIRD WEEK IN OCTOBER.

GENEALOGY.

TRIBAL SURNAMES. SIRE NAMES.

As soon as men join themselves to women in family relation and their children begin to multiply, they are naturally inclined to gather in groups or tribes or clans. Anciently the Hebrews

were jealous of their tribal descent and rights. Among the Hebrews the line of demarkation between the tribes was deep and well marked, and as they became a nation and settled in cities, social classification was very marked. A sire-name is a surname derived from the personal name of the father.

"Much has been written upon the surname, a comparatively modern invention. There is much that is extremely curious and suggestive in the rise and signification of the appellations of men and women, their universal or partial popularity, the alterations by which they have been adapted to different languages, their familiar abbreviations, the patronymics formed from them, and the places or articles called from them. In fact, we shall find the history, the religion, and the character of a nation stamped upon the individuals in the names which they bear.

"The original proper names of men and women arose:

"First, from some circumstance connected with the birth, such as Esau, hairy; Jacob, taken by the heel; Agrippa, born with the feet foremost.

"Secondly, from the complexion, e. g., Edom, red; Flavius and Fulvius, yellow; Don, brown; Ruadh, red; Boidh, yellow; Blanche, fair.

"Thirdly, from the qualities desired for the child, such as David, beloved; the Persian Aspamitas and Greek Philippos, both lovers of horses; the Keltic Eochaidh, a horseman; the Teutonic Fadgifu, happy gift; the Slavonic Przemyszl, the thoughtful.

"Fourthly, from an animal, Deborah, the bee; Jonah, Columbia, Colubica, the dove; Zeeb, Lycos, Lupus, Wolf, Vuk, all signifying that strangely popular wild beast the wolf.

"Fifthly, from a jewel, Mote Mahal, in Arabic, pearl of the harem; Margaret, a pearl in Greek; Stein, a stone or jewel in Teutonic."

Now a name is a symbol or a collection of sounds which symbolizes to us ourselves, and our friends. My name is Susan; yours is Mary; our friend is named Miriam. It is not enough, however, that we have the one symbol-name attached to us, nor did it suffice for the ancient people except for one peculiar custom and that custom was to name the child for some peculiarity of look, some accident of birth or other circumstance which might mark the beginning of the child's life. In the dawn of history, therefore, each child was given a separate name, different from all others and the child needed no surname. In later centuries that would not do for people who became tired of making names and began to name their children after a parent or ancestor. Confusion resulted at once, for two or more Susans in the family made it impossible for any one of them to distinguish which was wanted when called. And so, after a few centuries the tribes were called by the tribal name, which then became a surname.

Ben-Hur is Ben of the tribe of Hur. At first he would be called Ben the son of Hur, Joshua the son of Nun, Caleb the son of Jephunneh, David the son of Jesse, Isaiah the son of Amos. Among the Romans the custom obtained of having three names, that is the personal name, then came the family and then the tribal name. The daughters of the tribe bore the tribal name feminized. For instance, there were Publius Cornelius, Scipio Africanus Caius. Julius Cæsar the Great, Marcus Tullius Cicero was called Cicero politically and Tullius in his family.

Among the Norsemen, Angles and Saxons the custom of naming sons for fathers was soon crystallized after the Norman conquest; and then came Jameson, Thompson, Dickson, Wilson. These surnames are all found in England, and were descended from Danish forebears. The Welsh carried the Christian name of the parent down interminably, separated by an Ap or "son of" as: "Jenkin-ap—Griffith-ap—Robin-ap—William-ap—Rees-ap—Evan." The "Ap" of the Welshman became "Mack" to the Scotchman and was simply "O" in Ireland. It was Von in Germany. All of these with the Scandinavian "Sen" means simply "the son of," or "belonging to the tribe of."

It must here be stated that not all of any one tribe was descended necessarily from a common ancestor, for men married into the tribe sometimes and assumed the tribal name, throwing aside their own. Servants rose to dignity and power and assumed the tribal name by adoption. Captives taken in war were adopted into the tribe. It often happened that only half perhaps of any one tribe were entitled by blood inheritance to the name.

MacAllister means of the tribe of Allister. The MacAllister was always the Patriarch of the tribe or clan. MacEwan is the tribe of Ewan. (Ewan is John in the Scotch dialect.) O'Connell is of the tribe of Connell. Ap-Howell is the son of Howell. Von Weber is the son of Weber. Jensen is the son of Jens.

The sire-name was the commonest form of original surnames known in ancient history.

QUESTIONS.

Why do men gather in groups and clans?
What can you tell about ancient Hebrew genealogy?
Read all of chapter 5, Genesis.
Relate the substance of the Book of Numbers.
What is a personal name?
What is a surname?
What is a sire-name?
What is the meaning of ap, Mac, O', Von, Sen?
How did your surname originate?
And yours? And yours?

Note. The 23rd of September is the annual Genealogical day throughout the Church. We would like all Relief Society Genealogical committees and workers to make a special feature of this day, uniting where invited to do so, with the Utah Genealogical Society representatives in a general observance of the Sunday nearest that day.

ART.

OCTOBER DAYS.

Make a study of October foliage, the scarlet maple, crimson oak, yellow chestnut, etc., as compared to the alder bushes, the fir and pine. If there is a canyon available, be sure to take an October walk. Wear stout shoes and warm wraps, and make an Alpine staff to help you over the rough places. Take some good picnic to satisfy canyon hunger. A campfire is, of course, necessary to complete an October mountain climb; provide yourself with frying pan and kettles, in which to prepare hot, fried potatoes, hot milk, or soup of some kind. By four o'clock in the afternoon, the canyon will be cold, so you should be well prepared with wraps. If you can make the trip last into the night, and come home by moonlight, you will surely be inspired with Nature's loveliness.

"THE LAST RUN UP THE CANYON."

Without, the air is chilly, but we are toasting warm as we draw around the board to enjoy our supper, smoking hot. We are alert to the first appearance of signs of snow. If the fleecy clouds collect, and there is a sudden rise in temperature, we know of rapidly approaching snow, and soon hie ourselves back to town, fearing to be snowed in. But for a last look, after our delicious supper, we take a run upon the side hill that commands the finest view of the whole canyon. The lovely moonlight is over all, lending an air of enchantment and mystery to the whole scene. The fleecy clouds rapidly gather, and we see in our mind's eye the white snow-blanket that will soon wrap all the landscape. The brilliant leaves are mostly fallen. The air has lost its crispness, and a delicious feeling prevails. We quickly pack our traps, and ourselves, into the auto, with eyes only for all that can be seen in our flying trip. We give our fancy wing, for this is truly an opportunity for fancy's finest play.

QUESTIONS.

a. Describe the oak in its gayest dress.

b. Describe the maple in its most brilliant colors.

c. Describe the mountain mahogany.

d. Describe the elderberry, and the alder. Note: If none of these are to be found, substitute the natural foliage of the mountains where you live.

e. Describe the October sunset. Compare it with the September sunset.

f. Describe the moonlight in October. Compare it with the moonlight when the foliage is mainly green. Note: The green coloring is scarcely lost by moonlight. Green is so persistent by all manner of light.

g. Which is darker by moonlight in October, the sky or mountains? Describe the difference between the side of the canyon in the moonlight and the one in shadow.

h. Note if any snow has fallen on the mountains in October.

i. Describe your October trip into the mountains. If the snow has not fallen early, we make a late trip into the mountains for a last glimpse and to see that the mountain cabin is securely fastened for winter. We close up the doors and windows always open in summer, and build a big fire in the one room that can be closed from the out of doors. We have brought oysters to fry, rolls to toast, and milk and chocolate.

ARCHITECTURE.

WAR PERIOD, AND THE MODERN MOVEMENT, EXAMPLES OF RECENT ARCHITECTURE.

a. Tell of the waning of the artistic influences in American architecture.

b. Describe the Capitol Building at Albany. (Resembles the Salt Lake City and County Building.)

c. Tell one fundamental error in building and planning.

d. Describe St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City.

e. Describe Trinity Church and Grace Church, in New York City.

f. What can you say of the Modern Movement? How was American architecture influenced?

g. What influence had Ecole des Beaux Arts on our architecture?

h. Describe Trinity Church, Boston. What striking contrasts did Richardson use?

i. What did the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876, do for us? (Utah students went to Paris on account of its art.)

j. What is the modern movement?

k. Describe the Auditorium Theatre, Chicago.

l. Madison Square Gardens and the Casino Theatre at New York City.

m. Describe the Boston Public Library. (Interior much like the U. of U.)

n. Describe the Congressional Library at Washington.

o. Describe the Law Library of Columbia University.

p. What architects are improving West Point Naval Academy?

q. Who is working on the Naval Academy at Annapolis?

r. Describe St. Thomas' Cathedral, New York City. What influences does it show? Why is it so wonderfully beautiful, and who are its architects?

LESSON IV.

Home Economics.

FOURTH WEEK IN OCTOBER.

CO-OPERATION AS A FACTOR FOR GOOD IN THE HOME AND COMMUNITY.

DEFINITIONS OF CO-OPERATION.

(a) "Letting go the lesser in order to keep the greater."

(b) "A harmonious working together for the good of all."

To these might be added another, "true co-operation is team work."

HOME CO-OPERATION.

If co-operation is team work, the home is the training school for team workers. Thus responsibility rests upon the heads of the home to co-operate with each other and to develop plans whereby the children, and any who contribute to the working operations of the home, may be co-operators. Thus and only thus will harmony in the home prevail; for system and order are the first laws of harmony and harmony is the law of the infinite.

THE LAW OF CO-OPERATION.—The home has two aspects, first the working home consisting of two parts, the man's business or profession, which may be mercantile, educational, or agricultural, and the woman's profession, that of keeping house, and

though important, they are comparatively "the lesser;" second, the educational, ethical, character building home, in which men and women share the making, which in the ideal home grows side by side with the first and which is by far "the greater." Without close co-operation the efficiency of the working home is marred and the growth of the home beautiful is retarded.

TEAM WORK.—On the farm even more than in other kinds of business the systematic conduct of home work is apt to be made second to the seasonable activities of the out of doors. Like "time and tide" harvests "wait for no man." But a plan made in the beginning elastic to allow for give and take on both sides would help.

The following illustrations will serve: Mrs. Nellie Kidzie Jones, that practical home scientist of Wisconsin, does her washing with the aid of two of the farm hands. In slack seasons the work is done at a regular time, but at harvest time, to quote her own words, "I use the men when I can get them. Sometimes it is in the cool of the evening. The speed with which the work is done, and the ease, more than makes up for the waiting, and the men are always willing."

A young housewife, at the end of her first year on the farm, firmly but gently told her husband that she would not have the supper hour so late that the home evening was done away with. The supper should be ready at any hour he wished, up to six o'clock, and while the chores were being finished she would clear up, and they would spend the evening together. In the first instance, Mrs. Jones has won confidence by her experience and tact. In the second, the young wife was establishing a precedent. But new home-makers, please note the entire willingness to co-operate, in the first case, by the consideration for the man's business, and in the second, that the supper was to be ready *on time*.

THE CHILDREN.—"But," says a mother of many, "that is all very well at first, but wait till the baby comes." Doctors and nurses all tell the same tale, under normal conditions regular habits of sleeping and eating, including in the last quality and quantity, make a healthy and therefore a good baby. And later, as the bit of plastic humanity develops tendencies and needs attention, and still later, the child begins to ask for work—well, providing the health is good, the so-called naughty child is the one for whom nothing of definite interest is provided. They want to do something "really truly." "I want to help you make a cake," said a little girl. "Oh, run and make mud pies, darling, and when you get to be a big girl you shall help mother," was the reply. These are the chances for co-operative lessons, and a part of the educational home which will result in the helpful home later on. The successes of the great vocational movement

in education rests, I am convinced, with the mothers of today, and must begin at home and with the first child. The home credit system, if taken seriously by the parents, is to be a means of solving the problem of how much a school girl should be asked to do in the home.

THE BOY'S PART IN HOME WORK.—This needs a special paragraph for long established custom has made us divide the work into the divisions of "male and female," the first strong and glorified, fitted only to the superior agency to perform them; and the second, corresponding to the mentally inferior and weak physical organism of the woman. These ideas have been receiving rude shocks of late years. We have recognized that the woman is just as capable as man to take her part in the business and professional world. War-torn Europe is developing agriculturists among the women, in response to its dire necessity for food. The result of these things is to make the work of men and women co-operative; but under normal conditions, divided in such a manner as to allow her the greatest possibilities for ideal motherhood, and opportunities for contributing to the ethical and character-building home. In early years the boy should do his share in the home work, and as the man's side in boyhood calls him should still take his share in the tasks requiring greater physical strength. Not that the mother and sisters cannot perform them if needs be, but his knowledge of her higher functions will lead him to spare her any overdrain upon her strength. Parents should remember that they are the trainers of the future husbands of the race, and upon the lessons in co-operation, that harmonious working together for the good of all, in their home depends the happiness of future homes. The woman who brings up her sons with the idea that any share of the house work is beneath them, belittles her own profession.

EXTRANEOUS WORK.—But in spite of all the co-operative planning, it has appealed to many people that much time is being put into work in the homes that does not really belong there. This is work that requires an enormous amount of physical energy, and the use of expensive equipment, that might be accomplished just as well outside of the home. One method of bringing this about is by community co-operation.

UNSELFISHNESS.—The community in which each member is afraid that the other fellow will get more than his share will never become co-operative in anything.

LOYALTY.—The abandoned creameries show a lack of loyalty to the home industry. Homes without water facilities often mean a lack of co-operation on the part of some who fear taxation for the benefit of many.

PROGRESSIVE VIEWPOINT.—Women especially need to take a

broader view of the home task so as to adjust the work to the best advantage for the future. However picturesque the spinner at the spinning wheel, it would have been retarding the growth of the home to have insisted on holding on to this task. The great industrial upheavals of the past ages have paved the way for the larger life of today. But we are still holding on to tasks that overstrain the physical, and use up energies that should be devoted to that second aspect of the home, partly because we are slow to let go the lesser in order to keep the greater.

ECONOMY.—Many housewives pride themselves upon their economy of material that are wasteful of both energy and time. Do you realize that in the canning season thousands of individual boilers are being placed at almost the same time upon thousands of individual stoves, and that thousands of individual women are broiling over what is really a communal task? We might learn a lesson from the fact that it takes only one sun to broil them all. The same thing occurs weekly with the wash boiler on "black Monday," and is carried on into the week over the ironing board. Community co-operation will make home economics an economy of material, time, and labor, by taking out of the home tasks that may be done just as well, and at less expense, by the community.

THE POWER OF DOING TEAM WORK.—Women sorely need development in this essential characteristic of progress. The inclination to be critical of each other, to think that their "own way" is synonymous with the "best way," to work in ruts so deep that it seems well nigh impossible for the wheels to break either down or out of them, are the biggest obstacles to efficient team work.

ACTIVITIES IN WHICH WE DO NOT WANT TO CO-OPERATE.

HOMES.—This has been tried but not successfully, since, when we take away the individuality of the home, we usually fail.

CHILDREN.—The Oneida Society of New York state sought to make the child the property of the community, on the plea that it would have a better chance for education and development of special gifts under such conditions. An interesting argument might be gotten up for and against; but, as a matter of fact, it failed.

NUTRITION.—Public dining rooms to my mind take away from the home one of its highest and most interesting functions, the nutrition of the family, the individual taste, and the family table.

ACTIVITIES FOR COMMUNITY CO-OPERATION.

HOUSEHOLD TASKS.

SEWING.—Co-operation of neighborhoods in general home sewing by purchase in bulk of materials in table linens and underwear, and the hiring of a woman in common to do the work at a central place, has been tried with good success.

MENDING.—The same thing has been done with the mending basket by the hiring at small expense of some one person with leisure to go the rounds and clean up the mending basket. Some of the school departments of Domestic Art have co-operated with the busy homes and thus killed two birds with one stone, relieved the mother and taught the daughter.

SWEEPING.—The purchase of a good vacuum cleaner by several homes in common where the price was prohibitive to one, has relieved some home-keepers of a heavy task.

CANNING.—An interesting experiment is being tried out in one of the southern counties of Utah. A band of women has purchased in common a "steam or pressure cooker," a piece of equipment that has the merit of doing the work in a fourth of the time, with a surety of result and a minimum expense for fuel. They expect to put up all their vegetables and meats at a central place, working in co-operation with each other as to time of use.

One woman said that if the washing and ironing were out of the home she would consider the rest of the work as nothing in comparison. It seems as if much valuable time is put into the weekly recurring task that might be better spent. The following are things to be said for and against:

VALUE OF CO-OPERATIVE LAUNDRY.

ECONOMY OF TIME TO THE MANY.—One central plant doing the work of many individual homes. The purchase of first class machinery for all laundering purposes by many at small cost to each, saving the price of at best one piece of equipment by a comparatively few at greater cost to each purchaser. The use of the power of such plants as canneries, creameries, cheese factories, at minimum cost to consumers.

INCREASED CLEANLINESS.—The natural inclination is to reduce the size of the washing. The comfort and healthfulness of being able to change the household linen regularly, and use as much fresh underwear as the needs of the wearer demand, cannot be overestimated. You have heard of the busy housewife who said that the only reason she wanted to be a queen was so that she might have fresh clothing on every day.

Economy of Wear.—Clothing changed frequently wears much longer than when worn constantly, and requiring so much extra rubbing in the wash tub.

Economy of Energy.—A doctor who said that the three things that affected the nursing mother's milk was overheating, overworking, and worry, or any passion, was asked what a woman should do who had a heavy washing in progress when the baby's feeding time came. His reply was, "Madam, either put the washing out during the nursing period, or stop working at least half an hour before the time of feeding." Many babies are suffering from wash days. Is it not time, Utah women, to be thinking along the lines of the women of Minnesota and Wisconsin and planning to "let go the lesser in order to keep the greater?"

Objections to a Public Laundry.—One of the oft made objections is that the washing will not be done to suit the housewife. We realize that care in choosing the operators will have to be taken. The work must be done up to home standards. It is an undisputed fact that most women know more about doing the washing than about feeding their families. There are women in every town who are available and anxious for work, who by taking a correspondence course in laundry work, or even an intelligent study of a good manual, could with their practical experience take charge of a laundry.

Danger of Infection.—Watchfulness would be needed, but for all ordinary cases the boiling water and exposure to the sun would eliminate all danger.

The Ready Cash not Available.—When a town wants lights the bill for electricity is paid without difficulty. When the need occurs the price will be forthcoming.

The Cost too High.—Quoting from data received from the Co-operative laundry of Chatfield, Minn., the average price per washing on the farm is 97.9 cents. The cost of fuel, starch, soap, and interest on machinery alone amounts to more.

Would Rather Save the Money and Buy Something Else.—"Penny wise and pound foolish," for the pound is the "pound of flesh" and is a sacrifice of the greater for the lesser.

"Clothes not Good Enough to Send."—Do we not need to teach the girl and boy the lesson that no matter how plain, the underwear must be neat and clean. Might not a community laundry be an aid in raising the home standard in such matters?

How to Organize Community Activities.—Find out the needs of the individual community. Believe in the scheme and talk it up so as to create sentiment. Send for information on methods of organization.

The Opportune Time.—We may not be ready for the advanced idea of such co-operation as the foregoing. We may prepare for it in the future by making every home so co-operative

that the next step will be but a step in advance. Then those who are leaders must seize the opportune moment that always comes when time is ripe for action and without undue strain the thing is accomplished, always remembering that the working together for the good of all in a community is the result of the team work of the home.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is the true princple underlying co-operation?
2. What are some of the advantages of co-operation in the home?
3. What about community co-operation?
4. What can you say about the United Order?
5. How can you teach children the principles of co-operation?
6. What would you think of a neighborhood laundry?
7. Devise a plan for a co-operation cafeteria.
8. What benefit is a creamery to a town?
9. How would you organize a community canning factory?
10. What effect would a community day nursery have in your town?
11. Read the 104th section of the Doctrine and Covenants, verses 47-53.

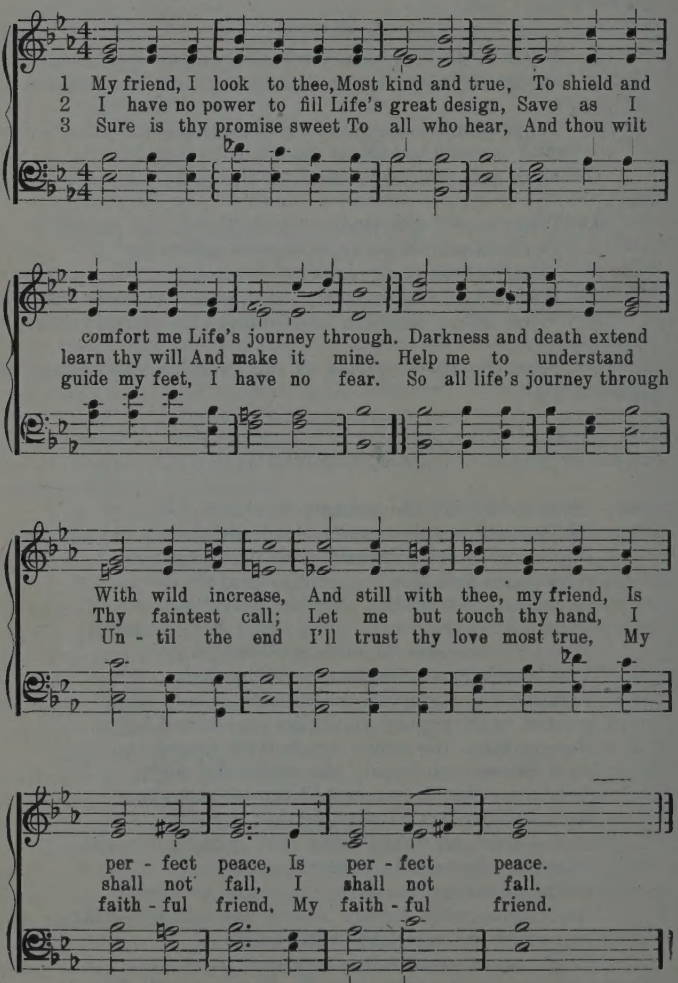
AT EVENING.

How softly fall the evening shadows pale,
Golden and purple sunsets blend and fade;
Night robes earth quietly with mantling veil,
And peace and rest the gentle hour pervade,
Great nature soothing with her potent power,
Breathes to the world-worn heart her sympathy;
Amid the tranquil of such spell-bound hour,
The mem'ries of the past steal tenderly,
Athwart the scene, the moon with golden trail,
As erst with pitying glance and mellowed light,
Sweeps thro' the empty space with steady sail,
And floods with beauty the enchanted night.
It is the time for sweet and tender thought,
And whisperings of the life that is to be,
And Faith and Trust, with holy impulse fraught,
Speak to the soul in nature's poetry.
Unconscious of ourselves we yield to sleep,
And white-robed beings 'round our couches stray,
In sacred stillness holy vigils keep,
While night assumes the sceptre of her sway.

EMMELINE B. WELLS.

My Friend

L. Lula Greene Richards — Lucy M. Green


1 My friend, I look to thee, Most kind and true, To shield and
2 I have no power to fill Life's great design, Save as I
3 Sure is thy promise sweet To all who hear, And thou wilt
comfort me Life's journey through. Darkness and death extend
learn thy will And make it mine. Help me to understand
guide my feet, I have no fear. So all life's journey through
With wild increase, And still with thee, my friend, Is
Thy faintest call; Let me but touch thy hand, I
Un - til the end I'll trust thy love most true, My
per - fect peace, Is per - fect peace.
shall not fall, I shall not fall.
faith - ful friend, My faith - ful friend.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
  The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
  And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
  If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
  In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
  That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
  And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
  In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
  Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
  And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
  Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
  Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
  And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell
  Shrink and consume my heart as heat the scroll,
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
  Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
  Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
  Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
  The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
  Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

MRS. IDA BOWMAN SMITH.

Member General Board of the Primary Association. Late President of the European Mission Relief Society.